

Alliance or regional pact?

We have long since concluded, albeit reluctantly, that the Western Powers will win no tricks from Russia in the cold war unless they lead from strength. That means, concretely, that they must hasten with all speed to set up and implement a regional security pact under articles 51 and 52-4 of the UN Charter (Am. 10/9). There are encouraging reports that preliminary conversations between Canada and the United States, on the one hand, and the five Western Union nations, on the other, have been completed and that concrete proposals will be ready for consideration by Congress soon after it convenes. It is disquieting, however, to note the almost exclusive emphasis upon the geopolitical aspects of the proposed pact, and the entirely too infrequent references to the United Nations, into which, supposedly, it will be integrated. Is our State Department making the same mistakes it made in regard to the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, when its failure to give adequate explanations to the people of the United States and of the world occasioned unnecessary and almost lethal opposition to those measures? Or has the National Security Council, against whose encroachments in the field of foreign policy Sumner Welles has been issuing dire warnings, taken over entirely? U.S. participation in a "North Atlantic military alliance," as one writer calls it, will be a revolutionary departure from traditional American policy. Moreover, it bids fair to entail enormous additional expense, and profoundly affect our domestic economy. It is vitally necessary to avoid any misunderstanding by our people or the Europeans as to the nature of the action we are about to take. Already, we fear, the basis for misunderstanding is being laid in the terminology thus far current. "The North Atlantic Alliance" goes more trippingly on the tongue than "North Atlantic Regional Defense Pact," but there is more than a semantic difference between the two. The latter is entirely legal under the UN Charter and, properly organized, cannot be justifiably criticized even by Russia. The former connotes a hard-and-fast offensive-defensive alliance of the type which history has shown accelerates more often than it prevents war. The Congress may shy away from a pact it understands in that sense; and Russia will justly consider it an unfriendly action. It is high time Administration spokesmen began a campaign of education to set the record right. Until they do, we may expect more and more newspapermen to call the pact, as one did recently, "a two-sided program for defense against Russia."

Osservatore and a Truman-Stalin meeting

The proposal for a Truman-Stalin meeting to iron out our present difficulties made November 9 by Count Dalla Torre, editor of *Osservatore Romano*, according to Arnaldo Cortesi, New York Times Roman correspondent,

seems to reflect an optimism about the mind and intentions of the Kremlin which we cannot bring ourselves to share. To argue that since Molotov called Mr. Dewey's defeat a rejection of the "warmongers" Mr. Truman must therefore be more acceptable to the Kremlin, is to overlook the fact that the bipartisan policy pursued by the President has been under bitter and vituperative attack by all the Soviet organs of propaganda for many, many months. Nor do we think that the Soviet record in Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia—not to speak of Finland, Greece or China—and its callous blackmailing of the Western Powers in Berlin through attempted starvation of the German people, give adequate grounds for the Count's inclusion of Russia among "the great social forces that abhor war." Stalin shows no signs of abhorring war if he should think that by it he would gain his objectives. Still less has he any interest in true peace. He has crudely rebuffed every attempt of the Western Powers to arrive at any just settlement. Finally, the proposed meeting would lay President Truman open to the charge, already made against him, of bypassing the United Nations.

De Gaulle wins again

In the days immediately preceding the election for the Council of the Republic, the usually mild-mannered Léon Blum, French Socialist leader, resorted to extremist measures to block the steady rise of General de Gaulle to power. He charged that the Communist Party was working for the Reunion of the French People because Stalin believed that de Gaulle would unconsciously follow policies favorable to Soviet aims. The electors were not supposed to miss the dread implication that the Kremlin was pursuing in France the same policy that helped to bring Hitler to power in the Germany of the early 1930's. There, too, the Communists had prepared the way for a strong man by making middle-of-the-road government impossible. Blum's warning appeared to be reinforced by President Truman's unexpected victory, which was regarded in France as a check to the Right and a triumph for the same moderate forces represented in Premier Queuille's Cabinet. In addition, rumors were spread, probably with design, that many independents and Radical Socialists pledged to support the Reunion of the French People were revolting against what were called de Gaulle's dictatorial methods. Such was the background against which the ballots were cast for Council members on November 7. By nightfall it was clear that neither Blum's warning nor the American election had influenced the voters, and that rumors of dissension in the de Gaulle movement were mostly groundless. The General emerged as the strongest force in the French Council and his worst enemies, the Communists, were decimated. Of the 264 seats allotted to metropolitan France, de Gaulle won at

least 107—his lieutenants claimed 121—and the Communists declined from 84 to 18. Both the Socialists and the Popular Republicans lost seats, the latter almost as many as the Communists. The results indicate that the de Gaullist trend which set in last year remains the dominant factor in French politics.

Cynical international manipulators?

The role of Mediator in Palestine has never been a happy one. Dr. Ralph Bunche, who assumed the thankless task after the murder of Count Folke Bernadotte, deserves praise for his tireless and temperate efforts, hindered as they have been by the refusal of the Israeli to cooperate. The essence of the Mediator's job is to secure concessions from each of the parties at variance in order to arrive at an acceptable compromise. The Israeli, while professing willingness to negotiate, have insisted that it must be on their own terms. Meanwhile they have carried on a continual campaign to discredit the man who has worked untiringly and impartially to restore peace to Palestine. The latest and most shocking attack on Dr. Bunche was made in New York City on November 8 by Michael S. Comay, head of the British Commonwealth Division of the Israeli Foreign Office and a member of the Israeli mission to the United Nations. What Mr. Comay was doing in the United States is a bit vague; but there was nothing vague about his attack on the UN Mediator. He described Dr. Bunche as a "Palestine Mediator who is not in Palestine and is not mediating." Mr. Comay was only one of the Israeli propagandists to descend (literally) upon this country immediately after the election. Only the day before, Dr. Nahum Goldman, "political representative" of Israel to the UN, made a special trip from Paris to denounce the United Nations to a Labor Zionist meeting in New York. This flood of foreign invective was swelled during the same period by native Zionist spokesmen, who concentrated on the "State Department propagandists" and called upon President Truman to "put an end to the intrigues of the State Department." These intemperate attacks on the UN Mediator, on the State Department, on the United Nations, and other attacks on the U. S. delegation to the UN too numerous to detail here, strike us as poor tactics on the part of the Zionists. The same might be said of their denunciation of "cynical international manipulators."

Pope talks to auto workers

In a beautiful address on All Saints Day to 1,000 employees of Fiat auto plants in Rome and Milan, the

Holy Father contrasted the Catholic and communist messages to workers. The Church rejects the cruel myth, by which so many workers have been betrayed into slavery, that it is possible to find in production and technology that perfect happiness to which the human heart aspires. She tells us honestly that only in the life to come will we know such happiness. But though the Church refuses to conceal the truth about life and death, she cannot be accused of neglecting the needs of her children here below. Those are in error who affirm that religion puts the worker to sleep "like opium," since the Church, having due regard for the dignity of man, demands an equitable wage for workers and effective assistance in all their spiritual and material needs. She has striven—and continues to strive—that "each man in the happiness of home, hearth and in tranquil and honest conditions may pass his days in peace with God and men." Neither will the Church, in order to gain adherents, do violence to the truth about human equality. She refuses to teach the absolute equality of men in physical and intellectual qualities, in internal dispositions, in jobs and responsibilities. Nevertheless, she insists on what is much more precious to workers—their full equality in human dignity, and in the Heart of Christ. Similarly, the Church espouses no chimerical liberty, but one that is limited by divine law and all the duties which life brings. If the Church opposes totalitarianism, she does so because it violates human dignity; and if she condemns certain economic systems, that is because they treat a worker's productive capacity as "a mere object to be disposed of by society at its full and arbitrary will." The Church, then, is the true friend of the workers, not those who lyingly promise him absolute equality, complete liberty and heaven on earth; and who end by enslaving him to the machine and the omnipotent state. Though the Holy Father did not mention communism by name, his audience knew what he was talking about.

Progress in profit-sharing

The spirit of the first convention of the Council of Profit-Sharing Industries, held in Chicago two weeks ago, was described as follows by William Loeb, publisher of the New Hampshire *Morning Union*, Manchester:

Speaker after speaker emphasized that profit-sharing industries consider the worker the most important element in American industry and not just a faceless robot in a dehumanized industrial machine.

Some of the delegates took sharp exception to the widespread impression in industrial circles that profit-sharing works only in small companies. The spirit in which a profit-sharing plan is proposed, not the size of the company, they affirmed, was the decisive factor in its success or failure. If the spirit is sincere, the plan will succeed whether the company has 100 or 100,000 employees. Wendell W. Anderson, president of the Bundy Tubing Company in Detroit, suggested that not the least important reason for profit-sharing was the pressure it placed on management to do an efficient job. In his own plant he found the employees critical of the boss when their work was not properly laid out. In view of organized

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labor's lack of enthusiasm for profit-sharing—an attitude springing from unfortunate experiences in the past—it was encouraging to hear delegates recount instances of labor satisfaction with their programs. We congratulate the Council of Profit-sharing Industries (whose founding was described in these pages on October 11, 1947) on the steady progress toward its goal: "Every worker a capitalist through sharing in the profits he produces."

The polls—childhood's over

There comes a time in the life of every public-opinion poll when it must face the facts of life. The system which broke down on November 2 was about twelve years old. Cradled in marketing research, the boy was sent on the man's errand of political forecasting as a much-publicized but only occasional sideline. Despite the scientific tools developed at research centers, the system has employed part-time amateurs using very fallible methods in the field. The interviewers (Gallup employs 1,300; Roper, 256) are school teachers, reporters, young lawyers and others, picking up about eighty-five cents an hour for this chore. The basic formula of polling, of course, depends on sampling. Dr. Gallup's final poll was computed from personal interviews with 60,000 individuals over a two-month period. Elmo Roper limited his single September poll to 5,200. Each interviewer is given a "quota" to poll. By apportioning the quotas among various politically significant classifications of the population, according to their sex, age, race and economic status, the sampling is supposed to yield results typical of the entire population. Since the collapse of the *Literary Digest* poll in 1936, the new techniques have been very successful—until 1948. Roper came within one-half of one per cent in 1944. But the pollsters, according to Dr. Rensis Likert in *U. S. News & World Report*, knew all along that their polls under-represented the lower-income groups by 12 to 20 per cent. From experience (in Rooseveltian campaigns) they learned, or thought they had learned, how to make adjustments to bring their predictions into line. This year these adjustments misfired. Truman polled 49.9 per cent of the popular vote. Gallup predicted only 44.5 per cent, Crossley 42 per cent, and Roper (in September) only 37.1. In four States (Wis., Minn., Wyo. and Mass., where he forgot about the influence of local referenda) Gallup was over ten per cent off.

Problems of growing up

From many points of view this setback should prove a healthy experience, not only for the overconfident pollsters, but for too trustful newspapermen, politicians and the general public. We have vastly exaggerated the feasibility, not to mention the desirability, of ordering human life in "scientific" terms. The first lesson to learn is that of the limitations inherent in attempts to predict the political decisions of free persons. Once we accept these limitations, it may be useful to iron out the kinks in present techniques of polling public opinion. Full-time interviewers, sufficiently trained, will have to ask more searching questions. They will have to penetrate more

deeply and more widely into the lower-income levels. They will have to find ways to gauge more accurately 1) exactly how many people are able and determined to vote, 2) how many others are likely to vote and 3) for whom the large "undecided" group will cast their ballots. All this will make polling much more expensive. They will have to allow for shifts in announced preferences. The "undecided" column in the Gallup poll ran from a high of 18 per cent to a low but still significant figure of 7.5 per cent. Balancing the probabilities will always require shrew guesses in computing results. *These guesses should be fully revealed in reporting results.* Lastly, grave doubts are being raised about the compatibility of public-opinion polls with the democratic form of government. Instead of reporting public opinion they provide a powerful instrument—wittingly or not—of shaping it. Moreover, they present a serious danger of distorting our representative system into a direct, "mass" democracy. We might fittingly apply to polls what Emerson said of books: "Well used, among the best of things; abused, among the worst."

The Pope and the Polish boundaries

Following a well-established Moscow pattern, the communist press in Soviet-beleaguered Poland has for some months been making every conceivable effort to compromise the Church—and with it all Christianity and religion—under the pretext of defending the cause of the present Oder-Neisse boundary between Poland and Germany. Appealing to Polish national spirit, the Communists have been basing their campaign of vilification upon the Pope's unwillingness to take sides in a matter of dispute between the Poles and the Germans. The campaign was all the more adroit since the violent language of the Communists on the Polish side of the border could be used to stir up animosity and a sense of grievance in the present German territory. German interpretations of the Holy Father's carefully impartial reply to the queries of the German hierarchy were so wilfully distorted by the communist press as to cause concern among the Polish bishops, and to move Cardinal Prince Sapieha, Metropolitan of Cracow, to visit Rome and ask for a fuller interpretation for the benefit of the Polish people. Accordingly, in the pastoral prepared at the Polish bishops' meeting on Sept. 23, and made public on Sunday, October 31, the bishops state explicitly that Cardinal Sapieha

brought from Rome official assurance that the Holy Father never questioned the boundaries of the Polish Republic, and that in general he is not preoccupied with boundary questions, which are not decided by the Church but by international treaties.

In spite of the annoyances which the Pope endured as a result of the well-known attacks in the press, the Cardinal insisted that "the Holy Father's love for the Polish people knows no diminution." The pastoral goes on to say:

Also, his Holiness' Secretariate of State, in a letter to the Polish Cardinals dated July 31, officially states that the charges about the alleged questioning of Polish boundaries by the Holy See are groundless.

These forthright assurances remove the Polish boundary question from the false implications in which lovers of Moscow, not of Poland, have tried to place it, and leave the course free for that sober international consideration of the common good of all the poor and struggling people involved, without which there can be no real peace in eastern Europe.

Truman and the liberal South

Elsewhere in this issue it is clearly shown that President Truman could not have been re-elected without the support of organized labor. In a letter to the *New York Times* (10/7), Ralph McGill, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, says that it "would be enormously helpful from the Southern standpoint if people in the rest of the country remember that Mr. Truman could not have won without Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina and other Southern States which voted for him." Had the mass of the people in the four Dixiecrat States, says Mr. McGill,

been given a free opportunity to vote without fear and intimidation, these also would have gone Democratic. As you know, Alabama did not even allow a Truman vote, and in the other States, despite apparent ability to vote for Mr. Truman, intimidation and other methods were used to prevent a free ballot.

The collapse of a political campaign based in name upon States' rights, but in reality upon appeals to "white supremacy" prejudice, once more allows the lifting of the fog that had been hiding the undismayed and irresistible progress of a genuine liberal spirit in every part of the South. The day after the election, a Georgia paper, the *Athens Banner-Herald*, Democratic since 1832, called for an end to the "cold war" on the civil-rights issue "before this question eventually destroys unity at a time of national peril." Said the editorial:

That does not mean that we must surrender to the extremists of the left any more than it means we must follow in blindness the leadership of the extremists in our own section. . . . We must seek a reasonable meeting point, we of the South, with the the rest of those in the nation who are guided by a spirit of moderation.

A similar sentiment was expressed by the Southern Regional Council at its meeting in Atlanta on September 15. If we disagree, concluded their truly historic statement (AM. 10/9/48), let it be a "more mature disagreement." In its annual survey, issued on Nov. 6, the Council's field secretary reported that the

task of all of us is to endeavor to bring about cooperation of all citizens in all areas of common conviction, concern and responsibility and thus transform that into understanding.

Equalized teachers' salaries, police courses in good race relations, advance in Negro hospitals, nurse's training and Negro doctors, Negroes serving in elected municipal offices, and increasing concern over the problem of Negro graduate education are some of the many items that show progress. The time has come for the whole country to give due credit to the liberal South, and to hasten the day when the South's name will no longer be associated with racial or national division.

Laying T. R. Malthus' ghost

From all quarters replies are pouring in regarding the dire predictions of world starvation made by recent best sellers. In its November 8 issue, *Time* magazine counters the neo-Malthusians by calling their language an appeal to emotion, and declaring that man is the master of the soil, not the servant of his "ecology" or wild-life environment, as he had been made out to be by William Vogt (*Road to Survival*). While industrialization does add to life expectancy and thus aids population growth for a time, when fully matured it brings about the stabilizing of population, or prefaces a decline. Veteran population student Dr. O. E. Baker, of the University of Maryland, has long foreseen a decline of population in the United States (but not in the Orient or Russia). Similar reasoning is used by Charles E. Kellogg, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in *Successful Farming* for November, 1948. In the *Commonweal* for November 12, Emerson Hynes cites authorities like R. R. Kuczynski and Enid Charles as proving that "a steady advance toward over-population simply is not an established fact." Exaggerated disaster predictions obviously play into the hands of gleeful Planned Parenthooders, whom the neo-Malthusians openly serve. But the temporary scare also has its good effect; at least it has got people reflecting upon some of these great basic human problems of world food production (AM. 11/6, p. 113). It reminds people that the problem of conserving our soil and other natural resources still remains with us; that it can be solved only by international action and cooperation with the World Food Organization of the United Nations (FAO). And the intricacies of the dispute call for a much greater degree of impartial research on an international scale; they furnish an additional reason why we should look forward to the International Catholic Rural Life Conference which has been proposed for Rome in 1950. The trend toward the destruction of our soil and forest resources has been lessened and is coming under control, but the trend is still there.

CPA to Fordham

The young school of journalism at Fordham University is attracting not a little attention. Latest development to focus eyes on it has been the announcement that the Catholic Press Association will make its headquarters there. The Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., President of the University, and the Rev. Paul Bussard, editor of the *Catholic Digest* and president of the Association, collaborated on the arrangement, which will give the Association a permanent home and make available to it all the journalistic and publication facilities of New York. With Mrs. Helen Walker Homan, author, member of the faculty of the School of Journalism, and public-relations director of the NCCS during the war, as executive secretary, the CPA has taken what we believe to be an important step. We look ahead with confident hope that its work for the constant betterment of the Catholic press will deepen at Fordham, and that Fordham will be proud of the day it opened its hospitable doors to the CPA.

Washington Front

There will be no better test of what the recent election meant to the Republican Party than that which will come when Senate and House GOP members caucus early in the year to choose their leadership for the next two years of the Eighty-First Congress. The question is whether the old hierarchy will continue to rule or new names and figures will be chosen to set the tone and tactics of the "loyal opposition" to the new Truman Administration and the resurgent Democratic majority the elections brought to Capitol Hill.

Many factors contributed to the Republican defeat, which astonished the country and confounded the political reporters, this one included. But one fundamental cause was the voters' plain lack of sympathy with the record the GOP had established in the two years in which it controlled the Congress. That record was the issue chiefly stressed by President Truman in his courageous fight for re-election. The record was a drag on Governor Dewey. No matter how eloquently he talked a progressive course, the history of the Republican Congress weighed on the other side.

Such widespread public disapproval having been demonstrated, will the Republicans continue the congressional leadership of Messrs. Martin and Halleck in the House and Messrs. Taft, Wherry and one or two others in

the Senate? Seniority and precedent being what they are in Congress, it probably would be naive to anticipate anything except an affirmative answer, unless some of the Old Guard step down voluntarily. Assuming this is so, then, will the old leadership give greater voice in policy-making to some of the younger, more progressive men?

In both Houses, perhaps especially in the Senate, there are men sufficiently able and forward-thinking to chart a Republican course more in keeping with the times. Senators Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, William F. Knowland of California, Irving Ives of New York, Raymond Baldwin of Connecticut, Aiken and Flanders of Vermont—these are some of them. In the last Congress the younger men in the Senate got recognition in party councils only after making an issue of it. But in 1949, with some of the more conservative members of the party washed out of office in the recent election, the relative strength and importance of this progressive group on the Republican side of the Senate should be greater.

Governor Dewey has indicated he intends to exert an influence as titular head of his party. That will be a change; after the 1944 defeat he remained silent on most of the important issues of the day. In all candor he might now speak on the basis of what would seem adequate personal experience and tell his party's leaders in Washington it is indeed time for a policy change. Mr. Dewey or some other nominee can come along again with some fancy political huckstering in 1952, but unless the product itself is changed the not-so-gullible public may not buy.

CHARLES LUCEY

Underscorings

Justice Charles H. Thompson, who wrote the Illinois Supreme Court decision upholding released time which was subsequently reversed by the U.S. Supreme Court, commented upon that reversal to the annual convention of the Midwest Regional Conference of the Catholic Press Association on Nov. 1. Sketching the historical background of the clause in the First Amendment forbidding Congress to make any law "respecting an establishment of religion," he asked: "From this background . . . can it reasonably be said that the authors of the Constitution intended to prohibit anything except a Test Act for holding public office and an established religion?" That is a question, we might add, that the U.S. Supreme Court failed to consider. Instead of interpreting the First Amendment, it plucked a phrase about "a wall of separation" from Jefferson's writings and interpreted that for us. Interesting as it may be to know what Jefferson meant by "a wall of separation," it would be much more to the point to know what the authors of the First Amendment meant by "an establishment of religion."

► For those interested in cooperation with non-Catholics, the English *Clergy Review*, in its October, 1948 number,

gives a series of papal pronouncements, 1943 through 1947, which bear on the topic. This brings up to date the series printed in 1942 (Vol. XXII, p. 300) which listed extracts from papal documents, 1895-1942.

► Msgr. Joseph F. Flannelly, since 1939 Administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, has been named an auxiliary bishop of the archdiocese. Notification of the appointment was received from Rome by Archbishop Cicognani, the Apostolic Delegate, on Nov. 10. Bishop Flannelly's titular see will be that of Metelis. He was born in New York, Oct. 22, 1894, and made his studies at Cathedral College in that city and St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. He has been a priest for thirty years.

► "Miarka Nights" were bright spots in a life of wartime slave labor for the young Dutchmen whom Father Miarka, Catholic priest in Berlin, gathered around him every Saturday night, with Gestapo headquarters only ten minutes away. They could talk of home, get food and cigarettes from Fr. Miarka's parishioners, and arrange visits to the families of the parish. On the first Sunday of each month Fr. Miarka would celebrate the "Hollaendermesse" for the group's intentions. Back in Holland, the former slave laborers remember with gratitude their wartime benefactors, now themselves destitute, and have organized the "League of Friends of Fr. Miarka" to help those who showed them kindness in captivity.

C. K.

Editorials

Capitol Hill: 1949

A study of the way the 81st Congress will be organized ought to quiet any fears that it will launch a social revolution.

Of the sixteen standing committees in the Senate, the chairmanships of half will go to members from the predominantly conservative Southern and border States. If Senator Wagner retires, thus yielding his claim to head the committee on Banking and Currency, the chairmanship will go to South Carolina, cradle of the Dixiecrat rebellion. The likelihood that the Dixiecrats will be read out of the Democratic Party is small.

Kenneth McKellar (Tenn.), nearing eighty and inveterate political foe of TVA, will chairmen Appropriations. Millard Tydings (Md.) and Walter F. George (Ga.), both of whom President Roosevelt tried to "purge" in 1938 for their refusal to go along in his fight over the Supreme Court, will take over Armed Forces and Finance. The latter committee will be in experienced and skillful hands. Tom Connally (Texas) will, of course, resume his chairmanship of Foreign Relations, though he cannot be expected to add any luster to that post, as did Senator Vandenberg.

Labor and Public Welfare will see a significant change-over when New Dealer Elbert D. Thomas (Utah) replaces Senator Taft as chairman. Supported by Senators Murray (Mont.) and Pepper (Fla.), and possibly by Senator-elect Hubert H. Humphrey (Minn.), this committee will no doubt go to work on the Taft-Hartley Act without delay. Experienced Republican members like Aiken, Wayne Morse, Ives and possibly Taft add up to a formidable group.

Finally, the veteran Joseph C. O'Mahoney (Wyo.) will be in line to head Public Lands. The klieg lights of last session's special committee to investigate the national-defense program, under Senators Brewster and Ferguson, will be stored away.

The House has nineteen committees, of which eleven will have, as their chairmen, Representatives from Southern and border States. Sol Bloom (N. Y.), having won his 14th consecutive election, will return as chairman of Foreign Affairs in place of Dr. Charles A. Eaton, serving his 13th term. The new chairmen of Appropriations (Clarence Cannon, Mo.), Armed Services (Carl Vinson, Ga.), and Banking and Currency (Brent Spence, Ky.), which will deal with inflation, are expected, for the most part, to follow the Administration. Robert L. Doughton (S. C.), a farmer and banker by occupation and a member of Congress since 1911, will resume the chairmanship of the House Ways and Means Committee, an office he held throughout seven terms. The Ways and Means Committee handles such important legislation as tax bills and

the various proposals in prospect to amend the Social Security Act.

The chairmanships of two House committees on which much of the President's program will depend are destined for friendly hands. Adolph J. Sabath (Ill.), returning as head of the powerful Rules Committee, a post he previously held for eight years, will be able to expedite the Administration's legislation. He will have been in Congress forty-three years next March. And John Lesinski of industrial Detroit, who is definitely favorable to labor, will preside over the committee on Education and Labor. This means that on both sides of "the Hill" labor legislation will be shaped in committee under men hostile to the Taft-Hartley Act.

The House Un-American Activities Committee presents a problem. John S. Wood (Ga.) may decline the chairmanship, which would then fall to Dixiecrat John E. Rankin (Miss.), reactionary exponent of "white supremacy," itself pretty un-American. Rankin, however, has first call on Veterans' Affairs if he wants to chairmen it.

Many eyes will be fixed on Senator-elect Paul H. Douglas of Illinois. He will bring to the Senate not only a lifetime of learning in labor economics and social legislation, enriched by experience as alderman in Chicago's city council, but the political prestige of having contributed mightily to President Truman's victory in Illinois by unseating Senator C. Wayland Brooks. In addition to Mr. Humphrey, a professional political scientist who has risen from Mayor of Minneapolis to U. S. Senator, other new personalities include Clinton P. Anderson (N. M.), former Secretary of Agriculture, and Estes Kefauver (Tenn.), up from a progressive career in the House and fresh from his triumph over the Crump machine. The new Senate thus promises to be definitely above average in competence.

President Truman will no doubt strengthen his Cabinet by several replacements. With support from Congress he should be able, besides passing much of the legislation to which he is committed, to reorganize the Executive Department in the light of the Hoover report, due in January.

Since the Supreme Court has taken to running the nation's schools instead of its legislatures, no judicial vetoes will threaten any legislative program the President and Congress work out. The nation expects such a program, geared to the new needs facing us more than three years after the termination of hostilities. If the election proved anything, it proved that America will vote out of office representatives who try by any other means than a coherent program of positive national legislation to curry its political favor. We have a right to look for intelligent and comprehensive action beginning in January.

Chinese crisis

His pre-election activities having been of the most strenuous kind, no one will begrudge President Truman the vacation he is now enjoying. But while he suns himself under friendly Florida skies, the rest of the world refuses to stand still. Even as the votes were counted on election night, the uneasy coalition we are supporting in Greece was falling apart; the Korean Government, having already put down one revolt, was taking stern measures to forestall a full-scale communist rebellion; and the Chiang Kai-shek regime in China, rocked to its foundations by disaster in Manchuria and the threatened communist seizure of all China north of the Yangtze, appeared in imminent danger of collapse. These developments are of such a nature that none of them can wait two weeks for a Presidential decision.

The situation in China is especially desperate. Not only have the Nationalist armies been annihilated in Manchuria, but the Government itself appears to be demoralized. Only the most determined appeals on the part of Chiang have so far deterred Premier Wong Wen-hao from carrying out his announced intention to resign, and nobody can say how much longer some of the war lords will continue to fight on the Nationalist side. Meanwhile, after an ineffectual effort to control fantastically rising prices, Nanking has given up in despair all effort to control inflation. The disintegration has gone so far that if President Truman intends to rescue the Chiang Government, he must act at once. Tomorrow there may be no government to rescue.

The Administration cannot possibly be unaware of the need for haste. On the eve of departure from his post in Shanghai on November 1, Roger D. Lapham, head of the Economic Cooperation Administration in China, warned publicly that "the overall picture in China is gloomy." As he saw it, the United States could follow one of three courses: it might pull up stakes and leave China to its fate—that is, to the Communists; it might continue its present ineffective middle-of-the-road policy; or it might adopt "an affirmative policy." In view of the strategic importance of China, especially of North China, Mr. Lapham thought that it would be to our best interest to give affirmative aid.

We have little doubt that the vast majority of our people, if they knew the facts, would agree with him. It makes no sense at all to spend billions of dollars to save Western Europe from Soviet imperialism and at the same time pinch pennies in the Far East, where half the world's population is exposed to communist aggression. Most of the \$125 million which Congress appropriated for China last June has already been spent. Unless we are willing to spend more, much more, we might just as well write off our losses now and permit Stalin to take over. If we continue our present half-hearted policy, he will eventually take over anyway.

Last week the press reported that a shipment of arms, scheduled to leave in December, was being dispatched immediately. This is a hopeful sign that Washington is alert to the danger. But emergency aid is not

enough. There must be at the same time a searching examination of our policy in China to date. We must find out why our assistance up to now has been so ineffectual, and why the Chinese people, despite our efforts, have turned against us. Before the election, William C. Bullitt, former ambassador to Russia and France, was commissioned by the congressional watch-dog committee, which was set up to keep an eye on the Marshall Plan, to make a thorough canvass of the situation. A skilled hand at this kind of thing, Mr. Bullitt should be permitted to carry out his commission. In addition, Mr. Truman should demand a strict accounting from those who have been administering our Far-Eastern policy. The fact is that we have made grave mistakes in China and that we simply cannot afford to make any more.

Triumph of the airlift

Said Dr. Carl J. Friedrich, Professor of Government at Harvard and former adviser to the American Military Government of Germany, to the Foreign Policy Association on November 6: "In the summer of 1948 Soviet Russia lost the battle for Berlin, the battle for Germany, the battle for Europe." This triumph, he explained, was due mainly to the airlift, which "has implemented the Marshall Plan" and proved "by action" that the United States means what it says when it talks about democracy and freedom.

In Berlin the following day Gen. Lucius D. Clay, military governor, though not so sweeping in his optimism as Dr. Friedrich, had much the same to say, with a different emphasis. It was the Russians, he declared, who, by imposing the blockade and occasioning the airlift, had done more (all unwittingly) "to inculcate democracy in Berlin than anything we have been able to do in the past three and one-half years." And that conviction among the Germans will grow during the winter, for the airlift will continue even more efficiently; the Berliners will be fed, and the Soviets will continue to see their subjugation-through-starvation policy backfire.

It has backfired not only politically but economically. For with the counter-blockade imposed by the West, the economy of the Soviet zone is coming to a standstill; and the damming of the flow of hard coal, steel and spare parts from the Western zones is the main cause, said General Clay.

At the same time that the Soviet zone suffers because of Russian policy, the Western zones report most heartening improvement of production in Bizonia. Production generally has risen 34 per cent since June, and now stands at 70 per cent of the 1936 level. One observer remarks: "The status in Western Germany has been changed in five months from that of an improvident poor neighbor of Western Europe to a bustling entrepreneur, able to promise and make good on its promises."

As though these developments did not all add up to enough trouble for Moscow, rumors are persistent that large groups of Russian soldiers continue to desert and flee from the Eastern zone into the free Western sectors.

The conclusion must be that all is not hunky-dory with

Russian policy in Germany. The Kremlin is worried over the snail's progress of communism even in the Russian zone, over losing face with the Germans in general, and over running the risk of having the stooge nations drawn ineluctably into relations and trade with the vigorously recovering West.

Now, this has all come about because our policy in Germany has been a strong one. Not many weeks ago, it was thought to be a matter of touch and go whether we would back down before the Russian blockade of Berlin, make concessions first and then sit down to a general parley on the whole German problem afterwards. To date no such yielding has taken place. But now the General Assembly of the United Nations is still trying to reach a compromise proposal to be submitted by the "neutral" nations to the still-embattled nations of the West and East.

It is to be hoped that the U. S. delegate to UN will not agree to any type of preliminary concession that will weaken the strength we now have in Germany. Temporizing on the Berlin impasse would not, perhaps, interfere with the present economic recovery of Western Germany, but it would without doubt weaken a strength far more important than an economic one—it would weaken our moral strength, by which we have won the Germans to the side of freedom and human rights.

Both those strengths, economic and moral, are symbolized by the silver wings of the magnificent airlift. We must be prepared to maintain it till kingdom come, if necessary, rather than yield the prestige it has brought our cause.

Diagnosis of atheism

Wrote W. T. Stace, professor of Philosophy at Princeton University, in the September *Atlantic*:

To be genuinely civilized means to be able to walk straightly and to live honorably without the props and crutches of one or the other of the childish dreams which have so far supported men. . . . Can man put away childish things and adolescent dreams? Can he grasp the real world as it actually is, stark and bleak, without its romantic or religious halo, and still retain his ideals, striving for great ends and noble achievement?

This is an enunciation of what may be called the new atheism: positive atheism, as Jacques Maritain—who is also lecturer in philosophy at Princeton—called that type of thinking, when he spoke on November 3 at the opening session of the tenth annual meeting of the Institute for Religious and Social Studies in New York City.

The assertion that a man can be an unbeliever and yet lead a moral and honorable life was, of course, part of the stock in trade of the old atheism as well. The old-fashioned atheist held that man had disproved the existence of God by the exercise of his reason. Since man is endowed by Nature with a wonderfully enlightened intelligence, sheer reason reveals to him when he escapes from the bigotry of parsons and priests and Popes, how beneficent and well-ordered is that Nature of which

he forms a happy and grateful part. The scientific man possesses the key to harmony, joy and apparently unlimited progress.

But the new atheism, such as that which Professor Stace seems to represent, starts from the idea, expounded in his *Atlantic* article, that the universe has turned out to be a grim and dreary place. The real world is actually "stark and bleak," and bewildered mankind stares into a "purposeless world," to which the social philosopher Hobbes began to open peoples' eyes. Even science, "though it can teach us the best means for achieving our ends, can never tell us what ends to pursue. It cannot give us any ideals." Yet man still retains his essential freedom of moral choice. So man's best bet, his one claim to moral dignity, is to assert his complete freedom, and face the dreary situation as bravely as he can. Such atheism is "positive," because it is not interested in trying to disprove, scientifically, God's existence, but simply rejects the concept of God as useless: it is an "anti-theism," according to the expression used by M. Maritain.

Such a state of mind, said M. Maritain, is simply the conclusion of three centuries of degeneration in man's conception of God. He called, not for a merely defensive position against such a philosophy, but for a direct attack upon its inner weaknesses; and he signaled its glaring inconsistencies.

This positive atheism, said M. Maritain, is doubly inconsistent. After all is said and done, the rejection of religion is itself a religious phenomenon. The atheist makes, as it were, an "act of faith in reverse": *Credo in non-Deum*. The atheist gives himself over to an "inner dialectic": he struggles to recast the civilized world—schools, churches, and everything else—according to his own philosophy of negation; yet he has delivered himself to a "full-blown religious commitment," the "faith" that faith is impossible.

Again, he rejects God, the "true, transcendent God of history," to whom, in his idea, truth has no relation whatsoever. He rejects the "true God of the philosophers." Yet, on the other hand, this rejection is in point of fact "an adoration of the false, immanent God of history." This false, immanent God, whom the positive atheists slavishly adore and want to compel all future generations to adore, is himself but a slave of nature, a mere "Jupiter of the world." He is the false God of the philosophers, the God of Leibnitz, Spinoza and Hegel.

Man of today, says the German religious analyst, Paul Bolkovac, "is not only godless; either in fact or by deliberate choice, he has become incapable of God." Through his intense concentration upon material things he has become a prisoner of the world, and even his own spiritual faculties of reason, will and affection are atrophied. For so complex an evil no single, simple remedy can suffice: human life itself requires a renovation. But the first condition of any renewal is to increase the spiritual vitality of believers themselves.

Only by "practical theism," by the fearless practice of a personally sanctified life, can we, in the view of M. Maritain, effectively combat practical atheism.

Election results and labor's policy

Benjamin L. Masse

Almost everybody who has so far written about the election has conceded that the doughty little man from Missouri can take as much credit for the unexpected result as he wants. Deserted by the left and right wings of his party, held cheaply by most of the big city bosses, written off weeks and even months ago by all the experts, Mr. Truman scored the greatest triumph in American political history. Such a sophisticated scribe as Arthur Krock of the *New York Times*, in the midst of eating a big plate of "crow," goes so far as to call him "a master politician and analyst of the people of the United States."

But after all possible praise has been lavished on the President for his sagacity and courage, it remains true that he did not win alone. If he drew large crowds as he traveled tirelessly about the country, this was not due solely to the fact that he was the President of the United States, or that his warm, simple, engaging personality drew people to him by "the cords of Adam." He is no Franklin Roosevelt exuding a personal magnetism to which none, not even his enemies, could long remain indifferent.

And if the President announced a message the crowds longed to hear, if he convinced their minds and warmed their hearts, despite a mediocre delivery, that, too, was not his doing alone.

Nor can he claim exclusive credit because millions who remained away from the polls in 1946 this time dutifully cast their ballots and thereby assured a Democratic victory. In addition to the indomitable will of the President, there was another major force at work in this campaign, a force without which the victory could not possibly have been won.

That force was organized labor.

In some quarters there appears to be a strange reluctance to acknowledge this. Boarding a ship for Europe, Senator Taft reiterated his first post-election comment that prosperity, not the anger of labor over the law which bears his name, was the decisive factor. This view he did not try to reconcile with the fact that, when the Republicans swept the 1946 congressional elections, the country was also prosperous. (This is not to say, of course, that prosperity was not an important factor, especially in the farm vote.) In his first statement to the press after conceding defeat, Governor Dewey declined to answer a question about the influence of the labor vote. Several days later he thought that overconfidence which led "two or three million Republicans to stay home" was the one fact that stood out from the returns up to that time.

The press, which missed as badly on the results as did the pollsters, was equally unwilling to grant that labor had done an enormous part of the job. Of the editorials this writer has seen, only two generously ad-

"In addition to the indomitable will of the President, there was another major force at work in this [the 1948 Presidential] campaign, a force without which the victory could not possibly have been won. That force was organized labor. What does labor now expect in return?"

mitted that labor's campaign had turned the scales against the GOP. The *Memphis Commercial Appeal* conceded that "the great labor vote was a tremendous factor"; and the *Los Angeles Times* said honestly that "there is hardly any reasonable explanation for the Truman victory save that the political forces of organized labor were stronger than anyone believed possible." Several other papers did make some mention of the labor contribution, but the proper emphasis was eloquently missing.

All this is in ironic contrast to the attitude of the President himself. "Labor did it," an intimate friend reported him as saying when Ohio finally swung to his column and made his triumph certain. That happens to be the simple truth, and it is characteristic of the President—who is a humble, therefore an honest, man—to admit it. Incidentally, both the National Democratic Chairman, Senator J. Howard McGrath, and Presidential counsel, Clark Clifford, the two men in the best position to know, said the same thing.

Behind many of the crowds which turned out to see and hear the President were thousands of labor officials, from shop stewards to international representatives, who spent the weeks before November 2 awakening the political interest of the average worker, bringing to his attention the main issues of the campaign, stressing his duty to register and vote. During the 1944 campaign, the CIO's Political Action Committee received an enormous amount of publicity, but the job it did then was not nearly so effective as the job it did this time. And this time, too, the AFL and most of the Railroad Brotherhoods were fighting wholeheartedly for the same cause. Few political broadcasts have been more effective or expertly staged than those sponsored by the AFL, notably by the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union.

But the unions did more than mobilize and educate the voters. If the President's message registered with the crowds which came to hear him—with the "little people," "the man in the street," "Joe Doakes"—that was largely because organized labor never lost faith in that message, not even after the nation, weary with the regimentation and hardships of war, seemingly scorned it in 1946. To organized labor the New Deal meant minimum wages, the Wagner Act, a social-security system; it meant restraints on Wall Street gamblers and the manipulators of other peoples' earnings; it meant government prepared to use the nation's resources to prevent, so far as possible, the tragedy of depression and, should the tragedy occur, to cushion its effects on the people. It meant, in a word, government with a heart attuned to the hearts of the people. Organized labor refused to believe that the New Deal died with Roosevelt and the war.

It cannot be said that President Truman shared this belief, at least not to the same enthusiastic extent. Though by instinct a liberal-minded man, he proceeded, within a year after taking office, to divert what remained of the New Deal in postwar Washington into relatively "conservative" channels. In taking this tack, which was notably reflected in his appointments and Cabinet choices, Mr. Truman seemed to be trimming his sails to the winds generally prevailing in the country. The metropolitan press noted the new emphasis in Washington and generally liked it.

The frankly New Deal platform, then, on which the President based his campaign, may be said to represent an evolution in his thinking, and toward this evolution organized labor, I believe, greatly contributed. The labor press, for instance, anticipated the President in stigmatizing the 80th Congress for its reactionary record on domestic affairs, and it was a coalition of labor spokesmen and New Deal liberals which forced on him at Philadelphia the explosive civil-rights plank which sent the Dixiecrats into futile revolt. It is likely that only during the campaign did the President come to understand fully and appreciate the dynamism of the New Deal and its persisting appeal to the people.

If the newspapers were almost universally wrong not only on the election but, as the shrewd and well-informed James Reston says, "on the whole political direction of our time," the leadership of labor was not. And that perhaps was its most telling contribution to President Truman's politically miraculous triumph.

In a very old tradition of American politics, organized labor, having delivered the votes, now expects the payoff. Within a matter of hours after Governor Dewey conceded defeat, labor leaders were publicly spelling out what they wanted from the successful candidate. President William Green of the AFL called for action to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act, to halt rising prices, to build millions of homes within financial reach of the average family, to broaden social security, to raise minimum wages under the Fair Labor Standards Act. To these demands, Jacob S. Potofsky, who succeeded Sidney Hillman as head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, added civil-rights legislation, adequate rent controls and aid to public health and education; which just about makes the list complete. In other words, labor expects the President to nail down every plank in the liberal platform adopted at Philadelphia. One might add for good measure that labor leaders, having proved that the Democrats can win without the extreme Right, are in no mood to conciliate the Dixiecrats or to permit them to resume their powerful position in the party. In intra-party politics, they expect Mr. Truman to remember who it was that supported him.

Overshadowing other demands, both in labor circles and among the public, is repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act. If the Act was passed in the first place, as the Republicans said, because the 80th Congress had a mandate from the people to discipline labor, then it can be argued just as logically that the 81st Congress has a mandate to get rid of it. This, of course, is the way labor spokesman are

arguing, and in the spirit and traditions of our democracy nobody can quarrel with them. The Democratic platform called for outright repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act. President Truman ran on the platform. Since a majority of the people voted for him, and for congressional candidates pledged to the same platform, it may be presumed that they have considered the matter and want the Act swept from the books.

This line of reasoning has already made one convert. Senator Kenneth McKellar, who voted to override President Truman's veto of the Taft-Hartley Act, announced on November 5 that "in accordance with the expressed will of the people," he would reverse himself and vote to repeal the Act. For the strengthening and vindication of the democratic process, the example of the Senior Senator from Tennessee ought to be followed by all other Democratic Congressmen whose vote in the first place was motivated, not by firmly held principle, but by a desire to obey the popular will. Any other course would be inconsistent and dangerous.

But to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act and re-enact the Wagner Act is not enough. If organized labor sets this as its objective, it will gain full revenge for the vindictive spirit which characterized much management support of Messrs. Taft and Hartley, but it will win only a costly and shortlived victory. The Wagner Act alone is not an adequate basis on which to rear a structure of sound industrial relations. It might have been a sufficiently

firm foundation if labor and management had been able to make collective bargaining work, and if labor leaders had been able to remove the abuses which over the years had grown up in the union movement. But the key figures in the drama fumbled their lines and missed their cues. However much a man may criticize the Taft-Hartley Act, he cannot deny that most of the goals it aimed at were desirable and even necessary.

These goals are still desirable and necessary, and it would be folly for labor leaders to assert that they can be achieved without legislation. Many of labor's friends were critical of the union leaders who, during the hearings on the Taft-Hartley bill, refused to concede that any legislation at all was necessary. Perhaps their refusal to cooperate with Congress can be excused on the ground that the authors of the bill were hostile to labor and had no intention of writing a really fair law anyhow. But it cannot be justified on any other ground.

I do not believe that intelligent labor spokesmen are likely to repeat that mistake, and already there are solid grounds to hope that once the Taft-Hartley Act is gone, labor will be receptive to new legislation fair to everybody and conducive to industrial peace. In a very significant statement the day after the election, George Meany, AFL Secretary-Treasurer and the active power behind its political arm, told a press conference that



while labor would insist on repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act and re-enactment of the Wagner Act, it would not be opposed to amendments agreeable to both sides. The same general approach was suggested by Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin who, in his short tenure of office, has already won the confidence of both AFL and CIO. It is most unlikely that he talked in such specific terms without having first discussed the matter with the leaders of labor. The chances are, then, that President Truman will propose to the Congress outright repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act and the immediate substitution of a new law which would include the Wagner Act and such amendments to it as both labor and management approve.

To the success of such a scheme the chief obstacle is the well-known inability of the many labor leaders and industrialists to agree on anything at all, as was demonstrated during the President's 1945 Labor-Management Conference and throughout the hearings on the Taft-Hartley Act. Furthermore, if it will be hard for victory-flushed labor to assume a conciliatory attitude, it will be no less difficult for management. The GOP setback was also in a way a vote of no-confidence in big-business leadership, and businessmen who had hoped the New Deal was dead and buried are not taking it gracefully. Defeat, as well as victory, can breed intransigence. What may force both sides to be reasonable is the growing realization that unless they reach a workable agreement, they are both apt to lose some of the freedoms they dearly cherish. That and the knowledge that they may never again have the chance.

Some suggestions on children's classics

Ethna Sheehan

Early this summer I had the thrill of visiting some English and Irish public libraries. My observation was all too brief, alas, but I did have the chance to talk to children's librarians and to see for myself what is to be found on the library shelves of the British Isles. For this reason, I felt a very special interest in the list AMERICA copied from the London *Bookseller* (AM. 8/21).

Not all the libraries looked as drab and bare as one might expect after England's ordeal. Some could bear comparison with our well-equipped New York branch libraries. The bookstores, too, have a fairly good stock of children's books. I noticed some of our fine American picture books in a department store. But they have been re-issued in English format, and have suffered considerably from poor paper and poor reproduction of illustrations.

The *Bookseller* list is said to have been drawn up by librarians. But surely the London librarians I spoke with would consider several of the titles too ephemeral to warrant being kept in print beyond the first edition. *Visitors*

from London, for instance, is a charming story, but it is about the tribulations of country folk who take in evacuees from London during the war, and about the adjustments, or non-adjustments, of the Londoners. I got the impression, from one of my London fellow-librarians, that city children are now more than willing to forget all about their enforced country vacations. *We Couldn't Leave Dinah*, which was published here as *Left Till Called For*, is another wartime story. It is exciting and well written, but surely it has had its day.

The Family from One-End Street has not, to my knowledge, caught on here, though it is easy to see that it would be popular in its homeland. *The Children of the New Forest*, which evokes nostalgic memories for me, is far too dated for present-day America. The same must be said for Mrs. Nesbit's books, but how one wishes American youngsters would try some of those delightful family adventures. It is only the occasional child here who enjoys Arthur Ransome, but for that happy-souled youngster our libraries keep a complete collection of the *Swallows and Amazons* stories on hand. The *Doctor Doolittle* series has been immensely popular ever since the publication of the first story a generation ago. Strangely enough, I was told in England that children over there like Ransome a great deal more than they do Lofting.

Andersen and Grimm are mainstays of our American libraries too. But it is astonishing to find that Britishers consider Joel Chandler Harris indispensable. Here in New York the dialect is a tremendous barrier, and up until a short time ago the only obtainable edition was most unappealing.

Like the British librarians, we should certainly include *Alice and Tom Sawyer* and *Robinson Crusoe* and *Peter Rabbit* and the *Just So Stories* in any "must" list. But, unlike the *Bookseller's* advisers, we would blush to omit good translations of Aesop's *Fables*, Johanna Spyri's *Heidi*, Felix Salten's *Bambi*, Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues* and Collodi's *Pinocchio*. And, while we are being international, where is Australian Pamela Travers' thoroughgoing Londoner, *Mary Poppins*, who is fast becoming a classic in hard-boiled New York?

The omission of the English Eric Knight's *Lassie Come Home* was amazing to me, for *Lassie*, though it was undoubtedly written primarily for adults, has long been a favorite of American boys and girls. I hasten to add that this popularity is not altogether because of the movies. Perhaps English children would share American enthusiasm for Will James' *Smoky the Cowhorse*, Jack O'Brien's *Silver Chief* and Howard Pease's *Jinx Ship*, if they were introduced to some of these New World titles.

Rachel Field, Cornelia Meigs, Elizabeth Coatsworth and Laura Ingalls Wilder have done invaluable service in vitalizing American history and customs for the children of this modern age. Their works should have a permanent place on British bookshelves.

Don't English children read James Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving in this fast-moving age? I am proud to say that grade-school Americans will tackle not only these but also Dickens and Scott. The romantic-minded revel in *Jane Eyre*.

Surely Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* is still appealing enough for an international list. Tarkington's *Penrod*, though first published in 1914, is still in constant demand in American libraries. London's *Call of the Wild* wears out rapidly in the hands of eleven-to-fourteen-year-olds. This same age group will undauntedly tackle *Moby Dick* and *Two Years Before the Mast*.

About the only "easy book" in the *Bookseller's* list is the classic *Peter Rabbit*. Where is *Mother Goose*? We take pride in our varied editions here in America. Where are the nursery classics illustrated by the English masters Leslie Brooke, Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott? Where is the *Child's Garden of Verses*?

No well-rounded American book-list would omit the above British material, but neither would the list be complete without the American picture books which bid fair to become the classics of tomorrow. Wanda Gág's *ABC Bunny* and her *Millions of Cats* are the best known of the all too few titles she has written and illustrated. Virginia Lee Burton's *Mike Mulligan and his Steam Shovel* scoops a piece out of the heart of any small boy lucky enough to grab it off the "easy shelf." Doctor Seuss' (Theodor Geisel's) *500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins* has been setting six- and seven-year-olds wriggling with joy for ten years now. Munro Leaf's *Story of Ferdinand* is still a "must," twelve years after its initial publication.

Making lists of books which should be in every library—i.e., which should never be allowed to go out of print—is an old game with American librarians. But it is typical of us that in making such a list we would try to spread the titles over as many types of books as might possibly be included in the term "literature." There is

no edition of the Bible in the *Bookseller's* list—no collection of Bible stories. There is nothing on mythology. Where are the King Arthur stories or the Robin Hood tales? Malory will be found in American libraries, but so will Howard Pyle, whose classic renderings of Round Table and Sherwood Forest material have put generations of boys in his debt.

Surely there are English authors who are putting the romance of nature into literary form in the way that Ernest Seton-Thompson has done in the past; and Henry B. Kane, Wilfrid Bronson and others are doing today for our American children.

Where is the poetry in the list? Some of the finest collections on American shelves have been put together by Englishmen. If an American had to choose, he certainly would select some of De La Mare's superb poetry rather than his prose, fine though it is. Our first choice among A. A. Milne's books would undoubtedly be his verse, *When We Were Very Young* or *Now We Are Six*, rather than the prose listed here.

But it is deadly easy to criticize. It is not so long since it was risky to omit such old American favorites as *Hans Brinker* or *Little Lord Fauntleroy* from one of our lists. It takes courage for English librarians to leave out some of the things one would consider part of their canon. I fail to find dear old Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Craik, Charlotte Yonge on this English list. I don't see *Tom Brown's Schooldays* or Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. Maybe it is time we too were reconsidering some of the hoary titles we ourselves have thus far not dared to discard.

(Ethna Sheehan is librarian of the Queensborough Public Library.)

Longshoremen's case

John M. Corridan

From Portland, Maine, to Hampton Roads, Virginia, and all the Gulf ports the fate of 60,000 men hangs in the balance these days. The men who break out or stow away the cargoes of foreign trade in the iron bellies of ships are in trouble, and it's serious. With due deference to the ports of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, let us examine the port of New York. It is the key port and grimly portrays the immensity of the problem.

Last year the port of New York handled almost half of this country's imports and exports as measured in dollar values. In the month of July alone, approximately 4,300 individual shipments of over 250 separate commodities were made from New York to 155 foreign ports. Into New York from Calcutta, Singapore, Penang and Antofagasta came the crude rubber and tin, vegetable fibers, gums and resins, copper and nitrates to feed the ravening appetite of American industry.

After a period of tortuous negotiations, extending from July 12 down to the deadline of an eighty-day injunction,

Since Father Corridan, Assistant Director of the Xavier Labor School in Manhattan, submitted this article, his worst fears have been realized. As we go to press, the Port of New York has been paralyzed by a widespread rank-and-file walkout of longshoremen.

a one-year agreement, effective as of October 6, was reached on Tuesday, November 9, between the Shipping Association and the International Longshoremen's Association (ILA). The settlement calls for a ten-cent increase in the straight-time rate of \$1.75 an hour, a fifteen-cent increase in the night and week-end rate of \$2.62½ an hour, a revised work week and a guarantee of four hours' pay for each work call. The settlement fixes the retroactivity of the wage increase as of September 15.

As AMERICA goes to press, the agreement is being submitted to the membership for ratification. Ratification may prove difficult. Apart from the one-year feature instead of the two-year pact originally sought by the Shipping Association, the agreement is virtually the same as the "final" offer of the Shipping Association. That "final" offer was overwhelmingly rejected last week in a poll of the union's membership conducted by the National Labor Relations Board. If ratification should fail, the entire Atlantic coast may be in for one of the costliest periods

of industrial strife in its history; and under the guise of the Back Pay Committee the Communists may move in and take over as they have on the West Coast.

The "overtime on overtime" issue is not at the root of the present difficulties. It was not in the past, and it will not be in the future, since the new Congress will almost certainly pass corrective legislation.

Neither is the root of the present impasse to be found in lack of respect for a contract, which a Federal judge charged against the rank and file of the union a short time ago. The longshoremen respect a legal contract.

Racketeering and graft are not at the base of troubled conditions along the docks. Racketeering and pilfering are merely manifestations of a condition spawned by the joint criminal neglect of the Shipping Association and the union leadership.

Nor is communist agitation at the root of the present delicate situation. It was not in the past, and it will not be in the future if the present longshore mess is cleaned up. Communism thrives best where conditions are unhealthy, and they are plenty unhealthy along the docks.

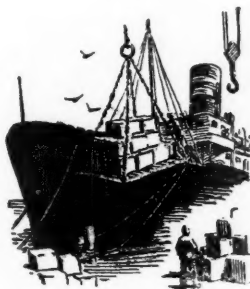
The heart of the matter is the system of hiring along the waterfront. Men are hired as if they were beasts of burden, part of the slave market of a pagan era. A longshoreman tends to get work on only one pier. He is known on that pier. If he is not hired on that pier, he won't ordinarily find work on another where others have priority. The longshoreman's work difficulty flows out of each company's policy of striving to build up a large labor reserve to meet the peak period of activity on its own piers. Peak periods are, too often, few and far between. There are always more men looking for work than there are jobs, and this holds good for every pier. The union leadership has made little effort to curtail the number of cards. So long as a man is willing to pay the initiation fee and keep up regular payment of his dues, he can join.

The men have no previous information as to the exact date or hour when a ship will dock. Some of the men read the shipping page in the daily press. Most get the news by the grapevine. The men have no knowledge of the amount of cargo or how long the ship's "turn around" is to be. They do not know how many men will be needed, nor how long the work will last. At 7:55, 12:55 and 6:55 they must appear at the entrance to their pier. From this practice the "shape" has developed. The men form themselves in a semi-circle so that the hiring foreman may select from their number the men he wants.

When the foreman starts to call out the names of the fortunate ones, the eyes of all are glued upon him, each one hoping that he'll be remembered. Once the gangs have been hired, the men who were passed over move off in dejection—and at times in bitterness. You'd think that once a man was hired in the morning that would do for the day. No! He must appear again in the afternoon "shape" to hold the job. It's easy to see how this system leads to petty bribery of the hiring foreman.

The "shape-up" cries against every standard of decency and justice, particularly when you consider the hundreds of millions of dollars spent on docks, shipping and harbor

improvements. This degrading system of hiring was condemned as antiquated by Mayor Mitchell's Committee on employment as far back as 1916. It is a water-logged relic of the days of the clipper ships when the first anyone knew of a ship's arrival was the cry of the shore watch.



Monsignor Edward Swannstrom exposed the viciousness of the practice in *The Waterfront Labor Problem*, published in 1938. This book is still the best to be obtained on the subject.

Other great ports of the world have long since adopted the hiring hall as a solution to the problem. Anyone familiar with casual labor

knows that there must be a closed shop, and hiring must be done through central bodies. You just have to have some regulation, if men are not to scramble over one another for jobs like dogs for a bone. The present legal difficulties to the hiring hall should be removed by the new Congress. Whatever physical justification there may have been for the demoralizing "shape" has long since disappeared with the coming of air mail and ship-to-shore communications.

The *Queen Mary* is a fast ship. The morning she leaves Southampton for the four-day run to New York, her manifest is flown by airmail to the Cunard Lines in New York and is in their hands within thirty hours. All loft space and disposition of the cargo on the pier are plotted out, and the checkers' books are laid out for them while the giant ship still steams through the Atlantic. Off Sandy Hook radio and telephone communications, weather and tide predictions will tell you when she will be tied up at one of the midtown piers. Yet, though the material matters are all prepared for, the men are still hired in slave fashion from the pierhead at 7:55 or 12:55 or 6:55 the day the ship is berthed.

Is it unreasonable to suggest that a little of the care shown the cargo be used for the men who handle it? Can the brains that thought out the pallet system, which counted so much for the "miracle" war-time distribution of American production, be turned to the things of peace, so that men may work with their hands in a manner befitting human beings? And if the Shipping Association and the union leadership can't throw off their apathy, intellectual indolence and moral blindness, the Government of the United States should set up a competent Commission of Inquiry to investigate and solve this cancerous condition in a free society.

It is ironical that so many should be concerned over the movement of European Recovery goods, and so few should give any thought or action to the men who move those goods at the cost of so much fear, sweat and blood. If we are not concerned about others, we should at least become concerned for ourselves lest the port of New York fall into communist control and jeopardize our national safety. Haven't we learned anything from what has happened on the West Coast, or are we convinced

that men never trade off the devil they know for the devil they don't know?

One week's vacation was paid to the longshoremen for the first time in 1947, if they worked 1,350 hours. Seventy per cent of the longshoremen did not earn this vacation pay, because 1,350 hours of work were not available to them. Seventy per cent of the men, therefore, could not get thirty-four weeks of work in a year's time. The majority of the longshoremen worked around 1,000 hours, or one-half year's work at the rate of forty hours a week. Take their present hourly rate of \$1.75, multiply it by 1,000, and you get \$1,750, or \$34 a week on an annual basis before income-tax payments. Say that some few longshoremen received 500 hours out of 1,000 at the overtime rate of \$2.62½. Their income was \$2,187 a year or \$42 per week before income-tax payments—hardly a living wage. If four cents per man-hour of work is paid into the vacation fund, is it strange that men should be bitter over receiving no benefits from a fund built up out of their sweat? Isn't that bitterness fed by suspicions that more than favoritism plays a part in getting 1,350 or more hours' work in a year?

If John L. Lewis could say that the nation's coal is stained with too much miner's blood, then the docks are spattered with the blood of longshoremen. Government figures reveal that longshoremen (hold, deck and dock men) experienced 185 disabling injuries in the course of every million employe-hours worked during 1942.

No other industry for which injury-frequency information is available had a record even approaching this unfavorable figure. The highest injury-frequency rate recorded for any other industry in 1942 occurred in the highly hazardous operations of logging, where there were 89.6 disabling injuries for every million employe-hours worked. In the construction industry the rate was 36.7, and in the iron and steel industry the rate was 10.4. . . . Hold men as a group have by far the most hazardous assignments among all the longshore occupations. In 1942 this group of workers experienced an average of 294 disabling injuries in every million employe-hours worked. . . . 8.7 of the injuries reported for hold men resulted either in death or in permanent physical impairment, and the average time lost per temporary disability was forty-one days. (*Monthly Labor Review*, Bureau of Labor Statistics, Jan. 1944, Vol. 58, No. 1, pp. 2-3.)

If you should ever think of taking up longshoring, you have one chance in 500 of being killed or completely disabled for life, one in forty of experiencing permanent physical impairment, and one in four of losing thirty-four days because of a temporary injury. Visit some of the hospitals and see some of the longshore cases, and you go out wondering about this age of enlightenment.

In the United States it was not until 1927, long after accident insurance had become an accepted practice, that longshoremen were brought under the provisions of the Workmen's Compensation Law.

From the irregularity and danger of the work there flow many evil social consequences. How is the mother of a longshoreman's family to plan out her budget if she is totally uncertain as to whether her man will have three days or one day or no work at all in any given

week? And the longshoreman himself? He's prepared for work with his lunch under his arm. He is not called at the 7:55 shape. There is nothing for him to do but to idle about with the rest of the men until the 12:55 shape, in the hope that his day will not be wasted.

If this goes on day after day, it is easy to understand the corrosion of a man's character. If you would blame him, then you should blast the system that produces him. Living from hand to mouth can do something to a man's ideas of fairness. One's ideas of justice fade where injustice is rampant.

Their strange code reminds you of the robber barons of another age. One man has his "liberties," another his "rights." All are protected by sheer muscle and force and sometimes more. A man does not complain against the impositions and levies that people two blocks inland would find an intolerable racket. Men have to work. The game has been played that way since the piers jugged out into the River.

If a longshoreman can't keep straight, and yet can't make good at a "racket," drink comes easy. He succumbs to the loan sharks and the installment hawks. To get himself out of their clutches he needs to make a "killing." He'll despise the chance of a fairly steady income for the big chance to clear himself at once. Does one blame his wife if, after years of this, she becomes improvident? And what of the children? Do you think that living on the fringe of society in the backwash of the city will bring the best out of them?

The docks are thought of as a refuge for society's misfits and failures. Don't let the rough working clothes and the surroundings fool you. Ninety per cent of the men are as fine a group as you'll find in any walk of life—real, big-hearted family men, many of them condemned at the age of fifteen, because of home needs, to a lifetime at hard labor.

Tragedy comes often to the docks, and the men have no way of meeting its expenses except out of their own depleted pockets and a passing of the hat. Do these men need a welfare fund? Do they need disability benefits for sickness and accident, hospitalization, medical and surgical benefits, life insurance, pensions? More than 3,000,000 workers are covered by health and welfare funds under collective bargaining. Yet longshoremen need a health-and-welfare plan even more than the miners or the workers in the clothing and textile, steel, auto and electric industries. Will they get one, a decent one? Not as long as there are two to three times as many men as there are jobs. Not as long as the industry doesn't put its own house in order by regularizing employment through the hiring hall and the closed shop. Not as long as the Government doesn't set up a Commission of Inquiry to help and, if need be, goad the industry into living up to its full responsibilities.

The cause of the men of the docks, the hard-muscled, honorable men whose work means so much to our daily living, is a challenging call to all Christians. For these men are our brothers, redeemed in the precious blood of Christ, and one cannot rest secure if His dignity in them continues to be violated and outraged.

Literature & Art

Looking into books

(For children and older young people)

Strictly speaking, a "book is a number of sheets of paper, blank, written or printed, bound or stitched together to be used for any purpose." The fact that books are put together for any aim or intent is the vital reason why they should be looked into well before they are recommended for children, older young people, or anyone else.

Happily, most of our most helpful critics agree that it is never too soon to cultivate a child's innate desire to know the truth, to want what is good and to reach out for the beautiful. No one is more inquisitive than a small boy or girl, but the stream of questions ought not to be stopped. It pours forth from a genuine sense of wonder, from a determination to search for something joyful.

The laughter of children comes easily, also their tears, but youngsters do not mind crying over a sad story provided that "it comes out all right." Fairy tales? Yes. There will always be a place for them, but not too many of them. Stories that might come true, that are based on what is true, seldom fail to be popular. Something begins to die in every child who is not made to feel that God takes care of everything and everybody: all the creatures that live on the mountains and plains, in the waters and forests or fly above them—and people, all of them, with red or yellow skin, black, white or brown.

How many kinds of children are there? Suppose we call it two; those who love books and those who do not.

Young book-lovers like the sound of poetry just as they enjoy hearing a canary sing. What a pity to waste this innate good taste on foolish old rhymes about bog and a bee, or on some ultra-modern verse concerning a flea that feasts on a prize dog! Artistic verbal and painted illustrations of heroic men and women captivate little "book-worms." They sit quietly for hours, listening to the secrets of how the really great reached the uppermost heights of success. That is, if a mother or father, or somebody else who is lovable, finds time to read aloud! One wonders what happens to the time which is not found.

Even children who are not fond of books can be drawn to them by hearing the sound of a pleasant voice reading well-written words. Just the sight of one fascinating picture-book can produce the same happy result. And marvels are worked by allowing toy-land scatterbrains to play store with books to discover what fun it is to "feel em" and "sniff 'em," as if they were melons on sale at the market. All of which is another way

of saying that four of the five senses can be used in developing a love for books in a child. Not volumes of trash that may be lying about the house, not merely good books, but the best.

Books are rather like elevators, and in some respects starting out in life resembles shopping in a huge department store. So much to get, so little to spend! Jostling crowds that do not know where they are going or why! A vast assortment of useless paraphernalia and useful equipment is on display. The futile is apt to be dazzling, while the efficient may be no more tempting than a dish of cold oatmeal. Mercantile centers provide starters or mechanical arrows to point the way of plunging to a basement or going all the way up. Careful parents and other faithful guardians give similar directions that are vital. Credit must go where credit is due, and it is due these people. Tribute must be paid also to certain writers, publishers, critics, librarians and teachers. Whether the limelight of publicity falls on them or not, they are distinguished. They are recognized because they are helping to keep American youth mentally fit.

Day in and out, the right books encourage young readers to build up the best in themselves, their families, friends and the many far-away strangers who are close in spirit. The world's most charming people are being introduced. In truthfully written historical novels, a discovery is being made: history is intensely interesting, so is the good daily newspaper that records history that is being made in each passing moment. Books that rank with *Man's Great Adventure*, by Pahlow, help to clarify the reasons why this era has to look out on a fearful, muddled panorama. Breath-taking delight can be found in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a play that will never be out of date. After reading *A Tale of Two Cities*, youth that longs to know the meaning of love should be able to realize a good deal of what real love means.

The classics are not dull. If they were, they would not be with us now. The best of public opinion would have swept them aside into the state of being utterly forgotten which is called oblivion. And it is interesting to speculate on how many of today's best sellers will soon be in it. Good books are being written and published every week. They may or may not stand the test of time; if they do, they will become the classics of far-away tomorrows. These books will never create uncomfortable sensations or fill the mind with miserable thoughts. They will give a really good time, the kind of time that leaves no regret.

Few books are all good or all bad, but all of them tend in one direction or the other. The name of the best books is Literature. It is a helpful partner in the great concern of living.

MILDRED CRISS



To fill up the children's bookshelves

Picture books, easy text

For the read-to-me's, as well as for the stumbling little reader, there come the usual baker's dozen of beautifully, humorously illustrated books with a minimum of text. Animals are the heroes of most of these, just as they were in our own days, though it will be noticed that the mechanical age creeps in with its autos, trains and jeeps.

The elephant will start it all off. *Babar's Cousin: That Rascal Arthur*, by Laurent de Brunhoff (Random. \$3.50), is a book about sly fun and amusing adventures, familiar to all who have known Babar of old. The big pictures are wonderful in their detail. Rabbits are perhaps at the other end of the animal scale, and in *What Every Young Rabbit Should Know* (Dodd, Mead. \$2.25), Carol Denison has written a nice text about how the parent rabbits teach the little ones the meaning of all sorts of tracks, animal and otherwise, in the snow. Kurt Wiese's pictures are really splendid.

Porcupines next cross the stage. *The Story of Sammy Sticklepin*, by Margaret Alleyne (Warne. \$1), tells how the clumsy one of the family defeats the wicked wolf. Mary Robinson's illustrations are amusing.

Cats and dogs are represented. *Cats for Kansas* is another LeGrand classic (Abingdon. \$1.50). It's a folktale of how the first cats were brought into the State, and is rollicking. *Shadow, the All-American Dog*, by Pearl Snyder (Prang. \$1), tells how a boy, who is all-American because his ancestors came from all sorts of countries, gets his mongrel dog into the dog-show and wins the prize.

All sorts of animals and their owners are paraded in *Butterwick Farm*, by Clifford Webb (Warne. \$1). A little boy and his sister, in search of her lost doll, visit a farm, see all the animals, and, of course, find the lost treasure. Another book that tells about many animals is *The Big Snow*, by Bertha and Elmer Hader (Macmillan. \$2.50). It pictures very beautifully how the animals prepare for the winter and get through it.

And, for the last of the animals, we come back to the giants. *Hustle and Bustle*, by Louis Slobokin (Macmillan. \$1.50), is about two hippopotami

(-musses) with those names. They fight and make up and nobody knows why—as often happens among friends.

Away from animals now. A good panorama book is *A Year in the City*, by Lucy Mitchell, illustrated by Tibor Gergely (Simon & Schuster. 25 cents), which follows all the seasons as they are reflected in the city's activities. And for a delightful imaginative story you will like *Jonathan and the Rainbow*, by Jacob Blanck (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2). Jonathan fights a thrilling duel with a retired pirate to replace the captured rainbow in the sky. Louis Slobodkin illustrates with vitality and humor.

For the mechanical-minded we have *Little Old Automobile*, by Marie Etts (Viking. \$1.50), about a naughty run-away which says "I won't" to everyone who asks time to get out of its way; *The First Book of Trains*, by Campbell Tatham and Jeanne Benedick (Watts. \$1.50), a look-in on how they run and are cared for; *Country Fireman*, by Jerrold Beim (Morrow. \$2), with plenty of action and dramatization; and *Creeper's Jeep* (Putnam. \$2.25), about a wonderful jeep which gets itself into disgrace and then redeems itself by proving its worth. Hardie Gramatky has already created Hercules, the fire engine, and Little Toot, the tug boat. His jeep is a welcome addition to the gallery.

Many of the above books are funny, but the following two are particularly amusing. Dr. Seuss tells, in *Thidwick, the Big-Hearted Moose* (Random. \$2), how Thidwick carries hospitality to an ingeniously ridiculous climax; the illustrations are hilarious. And *Billy's Picture*, by Margaret and H. A. Rey (Harper. \$1), tells how a bunny tries to draw a picture of himself. He succeeds in delightful fashion.

In an ABC story that swerves from the familiar pattern, Phyllis McGinley introduces children to city life entrancingly in *All Around the Town* (Lippincott. \$2). Helen Stone's illustrations help to make a lovely book.

Another ABC book is Hilda van Stockum's *The Angels' Alphabet* (Viking. \$1.50). Each letter has a little verse and a picture, the pictures running from A for Archangel, down to Z for Zeal. This is out of the author's usual field but interesting.

Straddling the picture-book and the slightly older age, *Blueberries for Sal*, by Robert McCloskey (Viking. \$2), tells how Sal and her mother go to pick berries and meet a bear and his mother out to eat berries. The succeeding mix-up is funny and the interesting lay-out of the book, particularly the double-page spread of the mountains, is very effective.



From *Little Old Automobile*

Our ten outstanding

THE BIG SNOW, by Bertha and Elmer Hader (Macmillan). Picture book. Mentioned p. 180

THE CHESTY OAK, by Kate Seredy (Viking). Intermediate age. Mentioned p. 184

THE HALF-PINT JINNI, by Maurice Dolbier (Random). Intermediate age. Mentioned p. 184

THE ISLAND STALLION, by Walter Farley (Random). Older boys. Mentioned p. 187

THE SEVENTH'S STAGHOUND, by Fairfax Downey (Dodd, Mead). Older boys. Mentioned p. 187

MOUNTAIN LAUREL, by Anne Emery (Putnam). Older girls. Mentioned p. 186

BOUND FOR SINGAPORE, by Herbert Pease (Doubleday). Older boys and girls. Mentioned p. 186

GRANDFATHER TALES, by Richard Chase (Houghton Mifflin). Older boys and girls. Mentioned p. 187

THE MASS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, by Fr. Joseph A. Dunney (Macmillan). Religious books. Mentioned p. 181

JESUS COMES FOR EVERYBODY, by Julie Bedier (Garden City). Religious books. Mentioned p. 180

Books about religion

Let's start off with the small and select (too select, alas, for Catholic children) group of books that are designed to complement the religious instruction a child will get primarily from his parents. These books are admittedly hard to write and illustrate, for danger of sentimental piety in text or illustrations entraps many an author. The books that follow seem to avoid those pitfalls.

Jesus Comes for Everybody, by Julie Bedier (Garden City. \$1), is well written in simple language which tells about Adam and Eve, the Immaculate Conception, the boyhood of Jesus, with emphasis on our brotherhood in Him. Jack Jewell illustrates charmingly.

Hear Our Prayer, selected by Sharon Stearns, illustrated by Helen Page (Garden City. 60 cents), contains many standard prayers and others newly composed; the illustrations are pastel-type and a little sweet, but the idea is good.

Two good Christmas books are worth noticing. *The Golden Christmas Manger*, by Helen Sewell (Simon & Schuster. \$1), is more on the cut-out picture-book level, but excellent for its beautifully illustrated Nativity scene. *The First Christmas*, by Robbie Trent (Harper. \$1), has lovely pictures by

Marc Simont and simple text that form a fine unit.

Sixty Saints for Boys, is Sheed & Ward's contribution to this section. This is an omnibus of Joan Windham's earlier works, and sells for \$3. The quaint whimsy of the telling may limit the appeal, but it is good work.

Three brief biographies, of Rose Hawthorne, Mother Cabrini and the Little Flower, make up *Watching at My Gates*, by Anna Kuhn (Bruce, \$2). The style is rather pedestrian, but the book may serve as an introduction to more extended stories.

A recent book on the Mass, and on the children's level without being condescending, is Father Joseph A. Dunne's *The Mass for Boys and Girls* (Macmillan, \$2.50). The text is simple and quite moving in parts, and the illustrations by Weda Yap help considerably.

It will be noted that most of the above are for the quite young. Older teen-agers can easily be encouraged to read such appealing adult religious books as Walsh's *St. Peter the Apostle* and Maynard's *Richest of the Poor*.

There have been a few other religious books for young Catholic readers, but many of them have labored from the old disabilities of excessive moralizing or of poor illustrations. This field remains largely uncultivated, though it is certainly an important apostolic terrain.

For readers to twelve

STORIES WITH A U.S. SCENE. The everyday life of youngsters in the United States, in modern times and in times gone by, gives us each year a very worthwhile branch of juvenile literature. Sometimes the everyday life is very adventuresome, at other times more humdrum, but both types of life can give matter for good books, and here are some.



From *Sue Ann's Busy Day*

With characters that really live, picturesque and authentic background, delightful illustrations and a story with universal appeal, *Peachtree Island*, by Mildred Lawrence and Mary Stevens (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.25), tells of a nine-year-old girl who had lived with each of her three aunts as long as she could remember, but her visit to Uncle Eben and his peach orchard made her know that that was where she would

like to live always. How she gets her wish makes a gay story.

Sally Tait, by Frances Sayers, illustrated by Eileen Evans (Viking, \$2), follows the daily activities of a little girl growing up in 1912, and has as a climax the young girl's going to the cotillion with her young aunt. The spirit of childhood and the fashions of the era make this a fine story. *Sue Ann's Busy Day*, by Sally Scott (Harcourt, Brace, \$1.75), recounts the heroine's means of earning money, minding the baby, running errands, mainly because she wants to buy some silk flags; she rises above her rather mercenary pursuits to surprise her mother by fixing supper.

Corinne Lowe's *The Gentle Warrior* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75) is the compelling true story of a woman who, after a childhood of poverty and a girlhood of comfort, used her gifts to bring about worldwide reform in the care of the insane. More on the thoughtful side, but of real interest.

Good New Netherlands atmosphere permeates *The Trail of Courage*, by Virginia Watson (Coward-McCann, \$2.50), as it tells of a young girl who works as a servant in a tavern, runs away to the Indians for a while, proves her courage by returning to the colony and making a place for herself in the community. It has a refreshing, God-fearing tone.

Books Tell the Story

SWAMP SHADOWS

By Dee Dunsing. Pioneers in Florida, Seminole Indians and great adventures. Illus. Ages 12-16. \$2.50

SUSAN'S YEAR

By Siddie Joe Johnson. A year for discovering new friends is Susan's birthday gift. Illus. Ages 10-14. \$2.25

RICARDO'S WHITE HORSE

By Alice Geer Kelsey. A tale of a boy and his horse in Puerto Rico. Illus. Ages 8-12. \$2.25

THE FAR DISTANT BUGLE

By Loring MacKaye. Scouts and Indians at the Army's western outpost during the Civil War. Decor. Ages 12-16. \$2.50

LITTLE DUSTY FOOT

By Marian W. Magoon. An appealing young hero, knights, raiders and an Emperor's court. Illus. Ages 10-14. \$2.50

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By William Marshall Rush. Young Seth finds excitement in the wild, high country of Montana. Decor. Ages 12-15. \$2.50

THE ISLE OF QUE

By Elsie Singmaster. Fifteen-year-old Tim's mastery of fear during the great flood. Decor. Ages 12-16. \$2.85

HEATHER HILL

By Elleston Trevor. Story of small woods animals, full of folk-tale humor. Illus. Ages 8-12. \$2.50

BUFFALO GOLD

By Geraldine Wyatt. Young Anson finds buffalo and wild horses on the Kansas plains. Illus. Ages 10-14. \$2.25

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Ginnie and Geneva, by Catherine Woolley (Morrow. \$2), is a pleasant everyday story of two ten-year-old friends and their adventures in the woods with their pets, ice-skating and the finding of a real home for an orphan classmate. *Penny Goes to Camp*, by Carolyn Haywood (Morrow. \$2), is about the young boy and his adopted brother who were not enthusiastic about going to camp but, once there, have adventures galore; told with the fine simplicity and humor which characterize all this author's books. *Wish on an Apple*, by Shannon Garst (Abingdon. \$2), tells of a family of crop-followers who are struggling to get a farm of their own. A highly imaginative eleven-year-old believes anything can come true by wishes and, as happens in the story, it really does.

Three stories for those who love horses are: *Pony Farm*, by Paul Brown (Scribners. \$2), which tells of a young pony getting its first look at life and becoming aware of the things around him; *I'll Take Cappy*, by Lee McCabe and Norbert Fagan (Whittlesey. \$2), which describes how young Sam Martin teaches the former polo pony to jump and is in danger of losing him because of his father's need to pay a loan, and the solution of the problem—country life in Maryland is well drawn, and Wesley Dennis' illustrations are excellent; and *Sleigh Bells for Windy Foot*, by Frances Frost (Whittlesey. \$2), in which the young girl takes her pony to visit a farm for the Christmas holidays. The warmth and jollity of the holiday preparations are very vivid and there is the excitement of a hunt and of skiing; most of all, it is a well-rounded picture of American family life.

From horses to dogs takes us to *My Brother Mike*, by Doris Gates (Viking. \$2.50). Ten-year-old Billy found it a bleak life to board out with an unloving family, particularly when he had to worry about his dog. A philosophical tramp sets Billy on a run-away pilgrimage which proves to be the saving of a man, a boy and a dog.

Two books of nature instruction are worth mentioning: *Mystery Nature Stories*, by Mary Adrian (Rinehart. \$2), are tales woven around odd nature facts—the animals may seem a bit too humanized; and *Wild Folk at the Pond*, by Carroll Lane Fenton (Day. \$2), short simple stories about the creatures and plants in and about the ponds of North America. This is an interesting and a very informative book.

Summer Green, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Nora Unwin (Macmillan. \$2), is a collection of poems remarkable for freshness of concept and imagery and particularly good for Christmas giving.

Indians appear in two books, in *Augustus and the Desert*, by LeGrand

(Bobbs-Merrill. \$2), and in a history book with no story to it, *Indians on Horseback*, by Alice Marriott, illustrated by Margaret LeFranc (Crowell. \$2.50). The first book is another in the famous Augustus series and has not only Indians in it but archeologists and



From *With Might and Main*

deserted gold mines and prospectors and the usual number of scrapes. The second, a history of the plains Indians of North America, was written by an ethnologist; the material is authentic and the book is beautiful to look at



A CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK
CLUB SELECTION

The Trail of Courage

by Virginia Watson

Illustrated by
Marcia Brown

- "Brings to life some of the early history of New Amsterdam and a brave, resourceful girl who will interest young people by the way she meets her difficulties."

—The Horn Book

Ages 12 up.
\$2.50

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and satisfying to read. It contains even some Indian recipes.

Katherine W. Eyre writes with keen and sympathetic understanding of the problems of young people in *Rosa and Randy* (Oxford. \$2.50), illustrated by Mabel Woodbury. It is the story of two young people growing up on a California ranch. And *Smudge*, the tale of the first days of three young kittens, will appeal to all youngsters who have or have not cats. The story and pictures are by Clare T. Newberry (Harper. \$1.75).

Two books deserve special attention in this section. The first is the latest and unfortunately the last book in the famous Dr. Doolittle series. It is *Dr. Doolittle and the Secret Lake*, by Hugh Lofting (Lippincott. \$3). In this story the Doctor and his companions are out to rescue an old turtle named Mudface, who has been buried under the sand since the days of Noah. After his rescue he has quite a story to tell about the flood.

And Lois Lenski continues her fine level of achievement in *Now It's Fall* (Oxford. \$1). All who are familiar with her earlier book, *Now It's Spring*, will know what to expect here and will not be disappointed.

STORIES WITH A FOREIGN SCENE. This year again takes American youngsters on imaginary voyages to friends abroad, thus doing the important job of letting children know how other people live and feel.

Three Little Chinese Girls, by Eleanor Lattimore (Morrow. \$2), tells the everyday life of Jade, Pearl and Jasmine, and it is so vividly told that it will be very real to the American child. The author illustrates her book and shows her first-hand knowledge of the scene. India is portrayed in Jean Bothwell's *The Empty Tower* (Morrow. \$2); two pupils in a girls' boarding school contrive to get a bell which is needed for the tower in the courtyard. The story is excellent and the background springs from the author's long experience in India.

Irmengarde Eberle's *A Circus of Our Own*, illustrated by Kurt Wiese (Dodd, Mead. \$2.50), has part of its scene set in Africa; when a family unexpectedly becomes the owner of a kangaroo, off they go to Africa to collect a circus of their own. They meet some nice people in Africa and come home with the most delightful circus ever.

Iceland and Ireland are the next scenes. Agnes Rothery tells about out-of-the-way places in *Iceland Roundabout* (Dodd, Mead. \$2.75), which includes some legends and fairy tales; and Agnes Campbell combines legends and folk-tales with adventures of country children today in northern Ireland, in *Tales My Father Told* (Whittlesey. \$2). Fairies may be insisted upon a

WHITTLESEY HOUSE Books for Young People



OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO CATHOLIC READERS

Tales My Father Told

By AGNES CAMPBELL. Illustrated by RICHARD KENNEDY.

These charming Irish folktales are concerned with hens and donkeys, children and leprechauns, and the mountains, lakes and rivers of the Irish countryside. "A delight for both eye and ear."—Helen Brogan, *New York Public Library*.

Ages 8-12. \$2.00

Pedro's Choice

By CATHERINE BLANTON. Illustrated by HAROLD PRICE.

Pedro is scornful of his artistic talent and looks forward to a career as a matador, but changes his mind when his pet bull Popo is scheduled for the bullring. A warm story of a boy in modern Mexico.

Ages 8-12. \$2.00

The Catholic Children's Book Club Selection for January, 1949

OTHER LEADING FALL TITLES

I'LL TAKE CAPPY

By Lee McCabe and Norbert Fagan. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis.

Ages 8-12. \$2.00

SLEIGH BELLS FOR WINDY FOOT

By Frances Frost. Illustrated by Lee Townsend. By the author and illustrator of *Windy Foot at the County Fair*.

Ages 8-12. \$2.00

THE LONG ARM OF THE MOUNTED

By William Byron Mowery. Illustrated by Stephen J. Voorbies. 4 exciting adventure stories.

Older boys and girls. \$2.00

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WHITTLESEY HOUSE A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y. 18

Sunnycove

by Amelia Elizabeth Walden

Life in a summer theatre, told with fascinating authenticity. Vicky wanted to be an actress, but lack of beauty made her struggle a difficult one. "An absorbing story."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Ages 12 up. \$2.50

Fielder from Nowhere

by Jackson Scholz



A dusty, foot-sore young man from nowhere—that is, nowhere that he's willing to name—is the hero of this action-packed baseball story that has plenty of humor. Ages 12 up. \$2.50

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little too much to the exclusion of more spiritual aid.

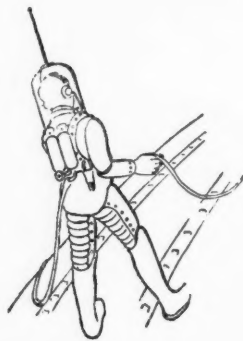
Foreign because it has to do with a little Dutch doll, Rumer Godden's *The Doll's House* (Viking, \$2.50) is a finely imaginative tale of two girls and their dolls who are as valiant as the tin soldier. Dana Saintsbury's pictures are a fitting accompaniment.

Two good fantasies are: *The Half-Pint Jinni and Other Stories*, by Maurice Dolbier, illustrated by Allan Thomas (Random House, \$2.50), original tales with a pseudo-Arabian Nights quality; the old elements that children love so well—talking birds, a wish-granting jinni—go to make thoroughly satisfactory yarns; and *The First Horseman*, by Pers Crowell (Whittlesey, \$2.50), the fascinating account of a prehistoric boy's taming of a wild stallion. The approach is original and the details convincing.

One of the best in this section is Kate Seredy's *The Chestnut Oak* (Viking, \$2.50). It is the story of a princely Hungarian child, bred to "fear none but the Lord; harm none but evil." Set adrift in his Nazi-invaded country, he clings to the fine traditions of his house, and after three years of loneliness, finds that the things he cherishes most are his once more in America. This is a beautiful book in format, style and content.

Books for older boys

STORIES SET IN THE U.S.A. Fantasy and real life both find place in this roundup of good books for the teen-age reader. One of the best of the fantasies is Robert Heinlein's *Space Cadet* (Scribner, \$2.50). The year is 2075 and the leading characters cadets of a rocket-ship training school. This projection into the future is filled with sweeping



From *Space Cadet*

action and pace. Another, which goes back into the past instead of into the future, is *Scarface*, by Andre Norton (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50); it is a pirate story centered around a cabin boy, reared from infancy in the service of

the notorious Captain Cheap. The fascination and excitement of the grim trade is well pictured.

Other stories of the past are: *The Long Portage*, by Herbert Best (Viking, \$2.50), the tale of sixteen-year-old Philip Dearborn and his adventures in the French and Indian War, particularly his joining of Roger's Rangers and their attack on Fort Ticonderoga; *Gentlemen, Hush!*, by Jere Wheelright (Scribners, \$2.50), relating the task three boys from the defeated Confederate Army have in building up a war-ravaged farm in Virginia; and *Gold Prospector*, by William Rush (Longmans, Green, \$2.50), which has Indians, unscrupulous gamblers, the dangers of a wild country, all intermingled in a good informative tale of the business of gold-mining.

Three good books about modern times are: *Swamp Boy*, by M. B. Cormack and P. L. Bytovetzski (McKay, \$2.50), a lad who overcomes the handicap of a shiftless stepfather and a discouraged mother to work his way through high school and plan for college; the Georgia swamp country and the plant and animal lore are very fascinating; *Sail Away*, by Robb White (Doubleday, \$2.25), in which two boys, investigating a cruel beating of their father, find themselves adrift on the Florida coast, heading out to sea, and



for Boys and Girls

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Stories of two five-year-olds and their day by day adventures. Exquisite line drawings by the author. \$2.00

THE ANIMALS CAME FIRST

By Jean-Louise Welch

Pictures by Ruth Carroll

How the animals found a Mother singing to her Baby in a stable in Bethlehem. \$1.50

ROSA AND RANDY

By Katherine Wigmore Eyre

Pictures by Mabel Woodbury

Two young people spend an eventful summer on a California ranch. By the author of *Star in the Willows* and *Spurs for Antonia*. \$2.50

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have always fought against the idea that children are fools (and if you think it isn't widely held just take a look at some of the junk children are supposed to read for pleasure). The following books have all been written with this in mind. They are children's books, and children love them, but grown-ups will not find it painful to read them aloud, nor will they feel superior when they see how much children enjoy reading them themselves. . . .

POLISH FOLK TALES

by Lucia M. Borski

Illustrated by Erica Gorecka Egan

Enchanting old Catholic fairy-tales, told to American children by a first-class story teller. \$2.00

GOSPEL RHYMES

by Various Authors

Illustrated by Jeanyee Wong

Too well known and loved to need description, but there are "new customers" for these pleasing verses on Gospel incidents every year. \$1.50

CAT-ROYAL

by Charles Brady

Illustrated by Rosemarie Renkis

Did you know that when angels and shepherds, ox, ass and lamb paid homage to the Christ-Child, the kings of the Cat World came too, and gave the Baby a kitten to help keep him warm? This is the story, reverent, but full of humor, and any child whoever stroked a kitten will love it. Ages 8—12.

TWELVE TALES OF SAINT IMAGINUS

by Margaret McGuire

Illustrated by Betty Arnott

St. Imagus is a saint Mrs. McGuire made up and to whom she attributes remarkable adventures — You read the stories for the laughter they provoke and only discover afterwards that there was a moral unobtrusively tucked into each. \$1.75

THE WOLF

by Mary Harris

Illustrated by Kathleen Cooper

How St. John Bosco helped a family of snow-bound children without ever really giving himself away. \$1.50

(Continue in the right-hand column)

before they reach port they encounter gangsters, find some desert islands and learn to sail; and *Isle of Que*, by Elsie Singmaster (Longmans, Green. \$2.25), the story of a young boy who takes charge of the family when his older brothers go off to war; the menace of flood, the rescue of an old sea captain, and his overcoming of his own fears make a good story.



From *The Seventh's Staghound*

Baseball stories are prominent this year, and here are four: *Felder from Nowhere*, by Jackson Scholz (Morrow. \$2.50), full of action and with a nice touch of a spirit of helpfulness for underprivileged youngsters; *Legion Tourney*, by Wilfred McCormick (Putnam. \$2), the second in the "Bronc Burnett" series, whose distinct note is the team's struggle against baseball superstitions; *The Turning Point*, by Ed Fitzgerald (Barnes. \$2.50), in which the problem of a baseball career right now or after college faces Marty Ferris; and Frank O'Rourke's *Flashing Spikes* (Barnes. \$2.50), the story of a rookie's first year in the major leagues, which is very detailed and probably will appeal only to the most rabid young baseball fan.

For thrilling, nostalgic stories that will appeal to older boys and their fathers, *My Greatest Day in Football*, by Murray Goodman and Leonard Lewin (Barnes. \$3), can be recommended. Thirty-seven experts, coaches and players, look back on the crowning afternoons of their careers in high school, college and professional football.

The frontier spirit features largely in *The Wild Wild West*, by James Daugherty (McKay. \$2.50), and in *Fighting Frontiersman*, by John Bakeless (Morrow. \$2.75), illustrated by Edward Shenton. The first book is a saga of the west and depicts the trail-blazers in verse and illustrations that are truly dramatic. The second is a life of Daniel Boone which presents the famous explorer in a background of his family and the Kentucky settlement where they lived. The influences that shaped the pioneer are thus brought to light more clearly.

A book of lasting importance in this section is *Seabird*, by Holling Clancy Holling (Houghton Mifflin. \$3). Fact

HERE ARE YOUR SAINTS

Illustrated by Frank Russell

New stories of 18 saints to add to the shelf of books by this everlastingly popular author. \$2.00

AND —

BOYS' SPECIAL —

A Joan Windham Omnibus

SIXTY SAINTS FOR BOYS

Illustrated by Mona Doneux

\$3.00

Sixty stories of men and boy saints from Joan Windham's earlier books, with seven new ones. Not a woman in the lot — what more could a small boy ask? (Or his sister?)

SAINT DOMINIC

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Illustrated by Gedge Harmon

St. Dominic's life was full of adventure, what with heretics, wars and the devil, making him a very satisfactory saint to read about. \$2.00

THE REDCROSSE KNIGHT

By Sister Mary Charitina

With colored illustrations by Jeanyee Wong

The story of the first part of Spenser's Faery Queen, retold for children — all knights and dragons, wicked ogres and lovely ladies in distress.

SMOOZIE

by Alma Savage

Illustrated in color by Charles Keller

The adventures of an Alaskan reindeer fawn. If not all these things actually happened to Smoozie, they could happen to any little lost fawn in Alaska. The natural history in fact, is o.k. \$0.75

And by the same author and illustrator:

EBEN THE CRANE

What happened to a crane who didn't grow his wing feathers in time to fly south with the rest of his family — based on the story of a crane to whom that did actually happen. \$0.75

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SHEED & WARD

NEW YORK 3

Catholic Books for Boys and Girls

• WATCHING AT MY GATES

By Anna Kuhn

Inspiring to teen-agers yet full of human interest appeal are these biographical sketches of three great women . . . the Little Flower, Mother Cabrini, and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. \$2.00

• ROYAL BANNERS FLY

By Anna Kuhn

For young Americans, the story of ten lives which were motivated by unselfish and noble ideals . . . Pius XII, Knute Rockne, Father Flanagan, Father Damien, Commander Jack Shea, Joyce Kilmer, G. K. Chesterton, Louis Pasteur. \$2.00

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A beautiful picture book with lovely verses for pre-school tots showing them how to live as Jesus wants them to. \$1.50

• THE SECRET OF SPRINGHILL

By Mary Lamers

The Murray family and their adventures will appeal to youngsters who like a bit of mystery in their literary diet. \$2.50

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and fiction in text and illustration blend in a saga of the part the sea has played in American life. The Seabird is a talisman carved by young Ezra Brown, in the great days of Nantucket whaling. Later it sails into the days of steam, and in the final chapter it is still sailing, but this time in the high-winged planes. Careful research has gone into the story without destroying its thrilling interest.

STORIES SET ABROAD. A few may be mentioned here; others with this locale will be found under books for boys and girls. *Trumpet at the Crossroads*, by Nathan Reinherz (Crowell. \$2.75), takes the reader back to the thirteenth century as it tells of the friction between townsfolk and a grasping overlord and a young boy's role in bettering conditions. The material is authentic and the plot fast-moving. *Salt Water Summer*, by Roderick L. Haig-Brown (Morrow. \$2.50), is the story of a boy engaged in deep-sea fishing off Vancouver Island. Quarrels and a run of bad luck are finally triumphed over in a sincere and authoritative book.

Bound for Singapore, by Howard Pease (Doubleday. \$2.25), might be a U.S. story, as it details the adventures of Chet Hardy, who is a wiper on a tramp freighter on his first voyage. It is a dog story as well in the character of "Dungaree," a stowaway dachshund. Much of the scene, however, takes the young hero abroad.

Books for older girls

STORIES SET IN THE U.S.A. Girls and their school problems feature in: *Joan Foster, Sophomore*, by Alice Ross Colver (Dodd, Mead. \$2.50), wherein a young girl, after a poor freshman year, makes out well in sophomore, though she has to face a terrible dilemma involving one of her friends when the honor system is introduced, and in *A Girl Can Dream*, by Betty Cavanna (Westminster. \$2.50), in which a tomboyish high school senior wins an essay contest and attains to a normal social success.

A good story of difficulties and triumphs in a student theatre is *Sunny-cove*, by Amelia E. Walden (Morrow. \$2.50). A young girl from a coal mining district, despite her lack of beauty and the rivalry of a fellow-student, succeeds well in a story of fine ideals for life and work. And another story wherein ideals are well portrayed is *Mountain Laurel*, by Anne Emery (Putnam. \$2.50), in which a young girl of the Tennessee mountains has to give up hopes for a nursing career, on the death of her mother, to care for the younger children. A family feud features and the mountain background is very vivid.

Girls, it would seem, like horses too, and so we have: *High Harvest*, by



HARPER BOOKS

for Boys and Girls

Smudge

By Clare Turley Newberry

The author-artist of *Mittens*, *Marshmallow* and *April's Kittens* presents a delightful little family of Persians—Muff and Buster and their new kittens, Junior, Betty Jo and Smudge. Matchless illustrations in pen, wash, and conte crayon.

Ages 3-6. \$1.75

WAIT TILL THE MOON IS FULL

By Margaret Wise Brown. Pictures by Garth Williams. An enchanting book about a small raccoon who wonders what the night is like—and finally finds out! With bright, moonlit pictures and the warmth of a happy home in it.

Ages 3-6. \$1.75

TONI FRISSELL'S MOTHER GOOSE

In this book of gay, straight-from-life photographs real children act out each of the familiar rhymes and make a Mother Goose that is all their own. 34 delightful, unposed photographs.

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COCOLO

Written and illustrated by Bettina. Cocolo, a little donkey, lived very happily on a tiny island until one day a spoiled little girl took him away. The story of Cocolo's trip back to his island makes both delightful and amusing reading.

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Elizabeth Low (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50), which tells how fifteen-year-old Suzanne and her family fight to save their Vermont mountain farm from a Government reforestation project; and *Red Embers*, by Dorothy Lyons (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50), the account of a young girl's efforts, before and after high school graduation, to play polo and breed polo ponies. The interest of the book is rather unusual.

Clay Fingers, by Adele De Leeuw Macmillan. \$2.50) manages to tell a story interestingly and still contain a wealth of quite technical information on the art of ceramics. Laura Carpenter, forced through an accident to give up temporarily her active athletic interests, turns to clay modeling and even ends up owning a gift shop.

Most girls, and many parents, will be interested in looking into *Pretty, Please*, by Sheila John Daly (Dodd, Mead. \$2) a first book of good grooming, by the young author of *Personality Plus* and *On the Solid Side*.

For older boys and girls

STORIES SET IN THE U.S.A. A good story of the past is *River of the Wolves*, by Stephen Meader (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50). Taken captive by Indians during the French and Indian War, a young boy is adopted into the tribe, and his vigorous training makes possible his eventual escape. This is stirring reading. *Stolen Pony*, by Glen Rounds (Holiday. \$2), is an unsentimental story of a blind pony and his dog protector. When the pony is stolen the dog follows it through all its adventures until a lucky grass fire provides the opportunity to return home safely.

Much fascinating detail about day-to-day Army life at a time when white men were pushing back the frontiers is contained in Fairfax Downey's *The Seventh's Staghound* (Dodd, Mead. \$2.50). A young boy assigned as trumpeter to General Custer is the hero, though perhaps the dog is. Plenty of excitement and authentic detail make this outstanding.

Three biographies, all good, deserve mention. They are Jeannette Eaton's *That Lively Man*, Ben Franklin (Morrow. \$2.50), illustrated by Henry Pitz; Ruth L. Holberg's *Gilbert Stuart*, illustrated by Lloyd Coe (Crowell. \$2.50), a quite admirable fictionalized biography of the famous Revolutionary War painter; and, for the music lover, Opal Wheeler's *Frederick Chopin, Son of Poland*, illustrated by Christine Price (Dutton. \$2.75). It covers only the early years and is remarkably well done.

Stories of skill and wit are contained in *With Might and Main*, selected by Phillis R. Fenner, illustrated by Henry

Pitz (Knopf. \$2.50). Robin Hood and other heroes of that type overcome powerful opponents and startling challenges by their cleverness and bravery.

Not a folk-tale but a warm story of today's living, *The Secret of Springhill*, by Mary Lamers (Bruce. \$2.50), has some of the same theme of wit overcoming difficulties—this time the difficulty of how the Murray boys are going to be able to keep their pet pigeons when their father gets a job in the city. There's a mystery too.

Finally, *Grandfather Tales*, by Richard Chase (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.75), is a collection of tales from old mountain storytellers. Vigorous, humorous and authentic, it is an important contribution to American folklore.

STORIES SET ABROAD. The realms of Christianity and the capital of the Moors are the scenes of the adventures of Raul, son of a simple charcoal burner who wants to become a "Dusty Foot" or traveling merchant. The appealing story is told in *Little Dusty Foot*, by Marian Magoon (Longmans, Green. \$2.50). Azul Island and a world untouched since the days of the Conquistadores is the setting for *The Island Stallion*, by Walter Farley. (Random. \$2). A boy and a horse feature in an action story by the author of the popular *Black Stallion* books. Another book popular with high school students is the account of a big-game hunter in Africa, Major P. J. Pretorius. It's called *Jungle Man* (Dutton. \$3.75).



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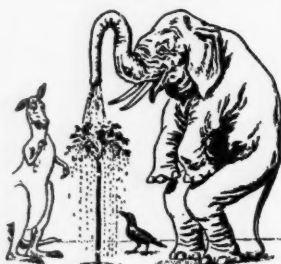
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Pictures and Rhymes for children. Exquisitely drawn, and printed in colors by Edmund Evans.

UNDER THE WINDOW.....\$2.50
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BIRTHDAY BOOK.....\$1.75
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Collections, instruction

A rather unusual collection of poetry has been compiled by G. L. Adshead and Annis Duff in *An Inheritance of Poetry* (Houghton Mifflin. \$4). This is a highly personalized collection with much that is rare and a good deal of new material. The illustrations are full of imagination and there are indices, including one of musical settings. *The Home Book of Laughter*, by May Lamberton Becker (Dodd, Mead. \$3.50), contains selections from old masters like Mark Twain up to contemporaries like James Thurber. Finally, *My Favorite Stories*, by Maureen Daly (Dodd, Mead. \$3), is a very good collection, characterized throughout by insight into human nature. This is particularly interesting for any would-be writers.

A fascinating book is Jack Bechdolt's *Going Up* (Abingdon. \$2), the history of vertical transportation—elevators, escalators, roller-coasters, etc. Information and entertainment go hand-in-hand.

Our children's book survey was compiled with the assistance of the following experts in children's reading: Miss Josephine Adamo, Miss Mary Campbell, Mrs. Eugenia Garson, Mrs. James M. Murphy and Miss Eileen Riols, of the New York Public Library; Miss Ethna Sheehan, of the Queensborough Public Library, and Miss Joan McVey, formerly of the New York Public Library. Mildred Criss is a well-known children's author.

The Word

YOUNG JOE WOULD MAKE QUITE a quarterback. While he passes and kicks his football, his tongue wags and wags.

It was wagging now.

"Dad, when will the end of the world be?"

I knew the answer to that, because I had been reading the 24th chapter of Matthew, which contains the gospel for the last Sunday after Pentecost. I gave it promptly:

"I don't know."

He threw the ball in a neat spiral.

"Does anybody?"

"Nobody but God," I told him. "Not even the angels. That's what Our Lord said."

We tossed the ball back and forth a couple of times. Then I inquired: "Why did you ask?"

"Atom bomb," he answered.

I caught the ball and held it. "Look," I said.

He came closer. I took up a bit of

A NEW BOOK NOW AND THEN

DAVID AND HIS SONGS

By Mary Fabyan Windeatt

This is the story of the shepherd boy who became a king. David was his name and he composed many of the prayers that Christ prayed while on earth, which are called the Psalms. Written for youth and for all those who are young of heart. 153 pages. Illustrated by Gedge Harmon. Price \$2.00.

THE KING'S HOSTAGE

By E. Virginia Newell

A little princess was promised to the service of God as a hostage if the kingdom of Hungary was spared from the Tartars. God accepted the royal hostage, Princess Margaret, and He made her a Saint. Hungary and other countries need more Margarets as hostages to redeem their countries from their enemies. Illustrated by Pauline Eppink. Price \$1.50.

THE PARISH PRIEST OF ARS

By Mary Fabyan Windeatt

The little boy who wanted to be a priest and who had many obstacles to overcome also became a Saint. The story of John Mary Vianney is the inside story that any boy who wants to be a priest will be eager to read, and his parents too. 164 pages. Illustrated by Gedge Harmon. Price \$2.00.

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THE GRAIL

Room One

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

dust and sprinkled it on the ball. "Is the football still here?" I asked him. "Sure," he replied, looking puzzled. I blew the dust away with a puff of breath.

"This world," I said, "would still be here after all the atom bombs were exploded—if they ever are."

"How about us, Dad?"

"Maybe we won't be here. But there'll be people somewhere—in the African jungles, in the mountains of Tibet, among the ice fields of the Arctic Circle—somewhere. The atom bomb is big stuff, but the earth is bigger. And the end of the world will make atom bombs look like toy firecrackers."

I put my arm around his shoulders. "Joe, people are always getting overgrown ideas about themselves. Remember the Tower of Babel?"

"When everybody started talking silly," he said.

I nodded. "Folks thought they could build a tower to heaven. They thought they could build as big as God builds. They thought heaven was a few hundred feet in the air. They didn't know the stars are billions of miles away. They imagined they could almost touch them."

"We laughed at them—but we got swelled heads ourselves for a while over our skyscrapers. We thought we were great builders too."

"Now we've got big heads about the opposite thing. We think we're great destroyers. We think we can smash up God's world. We can't build as wonderfully as God does, but we tell ourselves that we can tear down as terribly as He can."

"Don't you ever believe it, Joe. We don't know when the end of the world will be, but we'll know when the time comes near. And we'll know that we're seeing God's mighty power, not the silly little rumpuses of the scientists."

"A trillion atom bombs would be like a little electric-light bulb, compared with the sun. But when the time comes, God will turn the sun dark, and the moon will turn black because there will be no sunlight to reflect. The stars will run wild across the sky, and we'll see Christ's Cross in the heavens. Then we'll know that now at last the wicked are going to be punished for their hatred and cruelty, and the good are going to be rewarded. We'll look up and see Our Lord coming to us in the clouds. And that, believe me, will be the greatest sight ever seen in this world. So don't worry about the atom bombs. They're only the same things as the arrows of Indians, on a bigger scale. Compared to the power of God, they're a joke."

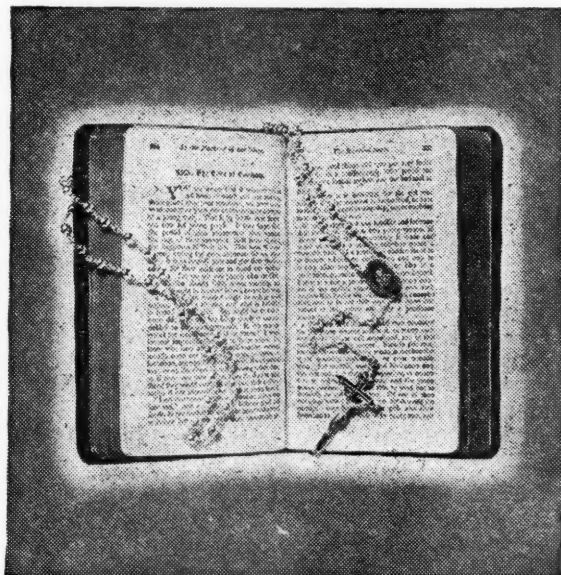
"Worry?" said Joe. "I'm not worried. Pass the ball, Dad."

JOSEPH A. BREIG

Films

JOAN OF ARC. As was to be expected, *Joan of Arc* is an impressive film. Given one of the most vital and well-documented heroines of history, transcendently re-created by an actress dedicated in an unusual degree to her task, and given also an enormous Technicolor production authentic down to the last saddle-trapping, it could hardly fail to be. Perhaps its greatest virtue is its depiction of Joan's faith and of

the religious society through which she moved. In the face of present-day skepticism and the tendency of writers to visualize the Maid as the patron of everything from Protestantism to equal rights for women, her portrayal as a saint and an instrument of the Divine Will does credit to the comprehension of those who made the film, and affords the audience an insight into spirituality such as rarely comes their way in a movie. But despite its superb central character, its orthodoxy and its pomp (which are enough to recommend it strongly to the entire family) the film is not great drama. It is more an his-



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torical pageant, and displays a unique disregard for such dramatic niceties as pace, indirection, intelligent editing, subtlety and proper evaluation of climaxes. Thus the raising of the siege of Orleans becomes much more comprehensible and emotionally stirring than the issues of the Maid's trial; the jumps in chronology (the longest being from the Dauphin's coronation to Joan as a captive at Compiègne) are negotiated by such devices as having Joan describe the intervening events in the course of praying aloud; and not a single member of the long and carefully chosen supporting cast is a three-dimensional character. It is a tribute to Joan's genuine simplicity and greatness and to Ingrid Bergman's skill in bringing her to life that, despite the picture's chromatic weakness, her stature remains undiminished. (RKO)

YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY. Ever since *It Happened One Night*, the favorite romantic comedy formula has run something like this: the heroine, who is very rich and consequently aimless and unhappy, meets the hero, who is poor and therefore has both feet on the ground and a purpose in life. After the usual number of misunderstandings and complications, the picture arrives at the romantic but entirely illogical conclusion that marriage and her money will give them both what they

want. The pursuit of happiness here indulged in by Joan Fontaine and James Stewart even resembles its first ancestor to the extent of having the plot and the two stars take off on a cross-country flight on the day the heroine has married and left another man. This and a comedy sequence revolving around an overdose of sleeping pills will likely make a discriminating audience squirm. However, in between times the picture has skill in direction and performance and a freshness of comedy invention which do much to rejuvenate a shabby piece of goods. (Universal-International)

ROADHOUSE. Up near the Canadian border, a sleek bar and bowling-alley set-up operated to the profit of its two owners: Richard Widmark who had money and an incipient psychosis, and Cornel Wilde who was reputed to have brains. When both lads grew matrimonial-minded over torch-singer Ida Lupino and Wilde won out, Widmark reverted to the fiendish type, was killed. This tale of madness, anguish and sudden death is put together with a certain glib competence, apparently on the theory that if a film is sordid and hard-boiled enough it must be good drama. In this case only incurable addicts of the school of violence are likely to agree. (20th Century-Fox)

MOIRA WALSH

Theatre

LIFE WITH MOTHER. I confess with shame that I never saw *Life with Father*, of which the play now running at The Empire is the sequel. When *Father Day's* exasperated damns! first exploded on Broadway, my funds, always meager, were rather lower than usual, and I could not afford the price of even a top-balcony seat.

As the years passed, tourists came from Wyoming, Oregon and Kansas to see *Life with Father*, as students flock to Washington to visit the Smithsonian Institute and honeymooners trek to Niagara Falls. "Father" had become a national fixture, comparable with Mt. Vernon, the Alamo and the Statue of Liberty. One does not rush to see the Statue of Liberty, because it will be in the same place next month, or next year, or any other day when one has more time. The apparent permanence of "Father" lulled me into a Republican "it's-in-the-bag" feeling. I was sure "Father" would live forever that every time I accumulated a few dimes ahead of survival I spent the money on some other play. I woke up one morning and discovered that Papa Day, along with his Mrs. and progeny, had

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departed from Broadway for pastures new.

Billed in a new play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the Day family has returned to town, under the auspices of Oscar Serlin, with Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney featured in the leading roles. Donald Oenslager designed the 1880 costumes and the set for the first two acts, and the townhouse set for the third act was constructed in Stewart Chaney's workshop. Both gentlemen, in this instance, appear to be impeccable craftsmen. The competent cast, which includes two boys only recently out of rompers, was directed by Guthrie McClintic's expert hand.

If *Life with Mother* does not challenge the longevity record of *Life with Father*, the reason will not be because it is wanting in fun and human interest. It is a delectable comedy that reflects a major trend in American society—the decline of paternal prestige. For better or worse, the American mother has become the actual head of the family. The father is still the nominal traditional head of the family, of course, but when he comes home from his broker's office or his job on the assembly line he is too fagged to exercise what is left of his traditional authority. When he attempts to control his family in the evening hours, with bluster and leonine roars from his reading-chair, he becomes a ludicrous and futile figure like Papa Day.

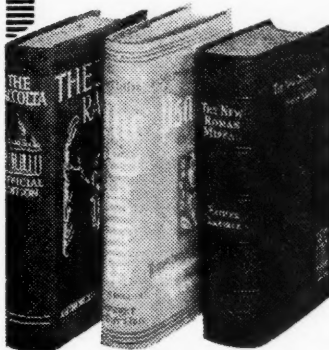
In *Life with Mother*, we fathers see our collective reflection in a dramatic mirror—the faces of puzzled and defeated men. But we are not sad in defeat. The transference of authority from father to mother, as narrated by Lindsay and Crouse, is slow, painless and a merry show.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Parade

DURING THE WEEK, MODERN life staged one of its liveliest routines. The social milieu vibrated with sound and color and motion. . . . Spirited sounds welled up from the cities. . . . In Seattle thousands of auto horns wailed for a solid hour as a freight train tied up traffic for sixteen blocks. The locomotive engineer got a ticket. . . . Laughter rang out from buses. . . . In Detroit, friends staged a bridal shower aboard the bus that was transporting the bride-to-be to work. Every one, even the bus driver, wore a paper hat. . . . Chases brought colorful movement to metropolitan areas. . . . In Los Angeles, when another woman driver

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cut in front of her car, a housewife lit out in pursuit, bumped savagely into the other car at two intersections, followed it into a service station, chased it around and around the gas-pumps until she smashed into a post. After elucidating, "I got mad," the housewife was booked on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon. . . . Judicial procedure made news. . . . In Michigan a traffic-snarling school teacher was sentenced to write on the blackboard twenty-five times: "In the future, I will turn from the correct lane." . . . In a New York court building, a one-legged prisoner limped away from two-legged guards and escaped. . . . In Ohio, a defendant vanished from a crowded court room. Captured later, he explained he had had an attack of claustrophobia. . . . In every sphere of human activity, the week's events shot off intriguing sparks. . . . In Birmingham, England, a "no smoking" sign fell on a man, knocked the cigarette from his lips. . . . In Emporium, Pa., a stranger, looking for a free bed, smashed a window, broke into the local jail. The bed cost him a ten-dollar fine. . . . In New Jersey two prisoners asked their warden for permission to visit a nearby town so that they could sign up for unemployment compensation. . . . Teaching received a higher rating than baby-sitting. . . . Convinced by a young school-teacher's argument that she would make more as a baby-sitter than she made as a teacher, a Florida school board raised the income of teachers, making it higher than that of the area's baby-sitters. . . . One-dog families engaged in spirited squabbles. . . . In California an estranged wife petitioned a court to keep her husband from visiting their dog, declaring his heavy drinking harmed the animal's morals. The judge ruled that a spouse has the right to visit the family dog. . . . Opponents of two-car families received encouragement from the news. In Rochester, N. Y., a husband and wife ran into each other—in separate automobiles—and sustained minor injuries.

More moving than all the rest of the week's news was the dispatch about a postcard received at an Iowa postoffice, addressed, in a child's handwriting, to "God in heaven." The card read: "Please bring Mommy and Daddy back to me. I love them both, Dorothy." . . . The dispatch stated that sadness spread throughout the postoffice because the message could not be delivered. . . . If this statement is true, the postal workers quite clearly labor under a misapprehension. . . . Long before the postcard reached the Iowa postoffice, the message it contained was delivered to the addressee—God in heaven.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

Correspondence

The state of Catholic education

EDITOR: At this time every year we laymen, the "stockholders" of the Catholic education system in the United States, are accustomed to receive our annual report from "management" on the state of Catholic education in the diocese, city, State or section.

These reports usually take the form of statements on new buildings, erected or planned; number of teachers, lay, religious and clerical; amount of money expended; amount of money saved the state; amount of property owned; number of schools, grammar and high; number of colleges and universities; total registration, etc.

The annual reports published in diocesan newspapers and similar publications usually indicate that all is well; that we now have a high school bigger and better than any owned and operated by the State; that all our religious teachers now have degrees; that they continue to take courses in the latest education methods; that our school cafeterias supply hot lunches that are equal to if not better than those supplied in public schools; and that our football teams have won the State or sectional championship.

A minority group of stockholders have indicated in the pages of AMERICA as well as elsewhere that they are not satisfied with the reports of management. They indicate that they believe the teachings of the Church on social justice are not being made known to the students; that the gospel according to Calvin is more popular than the social encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI; that a smug "middle class" attitude is developed and fostered; that Christ the Carpenter is played down; that a group of reactionary stuffed shirts is turned out of our high schools and colleges every year—a group that finds itself in conflict with those of us who believe that the spreading of knowledge of the social teachings of the Church is today the Church's most important mission, if we are not to be overwhelmed by secularism, laissez-faire capitalism and communism.

The current dispute between the minority group of stockholders and management seems to center around the question: are Catholic high schools and colleges teaching their students the social doctrines of the Church?

Sister Mary Liguori, B.V.M., of Mundelein College, Chicago, Illinois, in her letter to the Editor (AM. 10/9) says "Yes."

In rebuttal I should like to submit the following statement:

The greatest danger to the Church today is that the working people know nothing, absolutely nothing, of the social doctrine of the Church. The greatest danger is not communism; that is but a consequence. The greatest danger is the ignorance of the working people, who need this truth, and who need apostles of this truth. (Emphasis supplied.)

If the above statement, that working people know nothing of the social doctrines of the Church, is true, it would seem to follow that they don't know because they have never been taught this doctrine. Have, then, the Catholic schools been fulfilling their mission?

The statement quoted, by the way, is taken from the remarks of Pope Pius XII to Canon Cardijn of Belgium, as reported in the *Xavier Detail*, organ of the Xavier Labor School, for Oct. 12-13, 1948.

JOHN C. CAREY

New York, N. Y.

Brickbat for the Trib

EDITOR: Bravo for Fr. Masse's article, "Tribune Tower; Citadel of Secularism," on the "World's Greatest Newspaper" (AM. 10/23)!

I recall how the publication of *Quadragesimo Anno* drew the same kind of fire from the *Tribune* in 1931. The encyclical made the Colonel rip-snorting mad. In effect, the *Trib* held that the Pope should leave Business (Big) alone. The reaction to the constitutions of Ireland and Austria followed the same pattern.

MAXIMUS POPPY, O.F.M.

St. Louis, Mo.

Correction

EDITOR: Through an unfortunate error, the advertisement for the *Month* in AMERICA (Nov. 6) appeared without two important changes. Please publish this correction:

1) U. S. subscriptions are being accepted at the rate of \$7 a year.

2) For the convenience of U. S. subscribers, checks and subscriptions may be sent directly to the American representative of the *Month*: British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

The *Month*, A Review of Literature, Art and Belief, edited by the English Jesuits, appears in January in a new format.

D. A. BISCHOFF, S.J.
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